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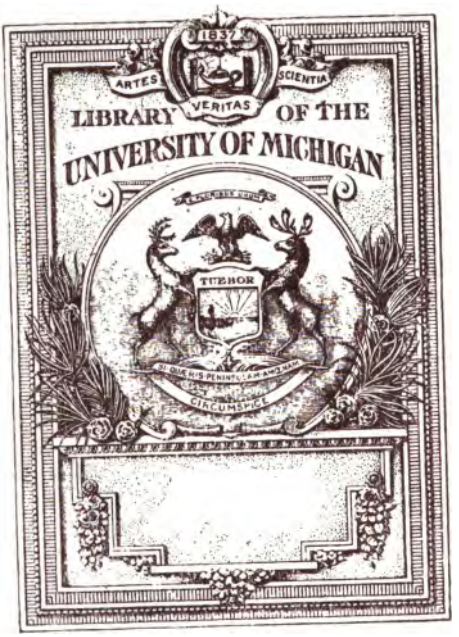
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WORTH WHILE PEOPLE

BY

F. J. GOULD

AUTHOR OF

"THE CHILDREN'S PLUTARCH" "HEROES OF PEACE"

"VICTORS OF PEACE" ETC.

LONDON: WATTS & CO.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

FROM Thermopylæ to the Panama Canal Mr. Gould tells tales of deeds worth doing. The wide range of his great experience as a successful story-teller has guided him in choosing the essential points of tales of historic figures and of others in every-day life whose deeds have been like steps to something great. In fact, "Toward Something Great" might well describe this book of achievement and conduct stories, all of them filled with action and interest like the author's already famous *Children's Plutarch* and all of them suggesting the finer springs of conduct and aiding in character-building.

It is a book of world stories, ranging in its themes from strange tales of history and the daily life of America to scenes in Europe, India, China, and Japan. It is a series of pictures of brave hearts with other tales all illustrating acts from motives that make life richer and happier. Mr. Gould's story-telling is always to the point and interesting, a happy mingling of good things from history, biography, and the happenings of the daily life about us. For these are chiefly stories of the real world, not fiction, but tales of things done by worth while people.

WORTH WHILE PEOPLE

WORTH WHILE PEOPLE

AT THE HOT GATES

ON gray rocks and bluffs shone the August sun one day in the year 480 B.C. Three hundred soldiers sat on the grass, or on boulders, their bronze helmets gleaming.

"The enemy!" cried a warning voice.

Across the mountains on one side of the pass which the three hundred warriors guarded a host of armed men were hurrying. A traitor to Greece had shown the path to the invading Persians; and now, three hundred! the moment has come to defend your fatherland, your temples, and yourselves.

Led by the King of Sparta, Leonidas, the band that are so feeble in numbers, so great in heart, face the oncoming host. None flinches. None retreats. None turns his back. None drops his sword till sore wounds and death relax the stern grasp of the Spartan hand. All are slain save one, and when he appears in the city of Sparta the

people scorn him for clinging to life while his comrades died.

Hot springs of water bubbled from the soil at this famous spot where Leonidas fell, hence the name of the place, Thermopylæ, or Hot Gates.

To the memory of the Three Hundred temples were built, and a solemn festival was held by the Greeks every year in their honor. Their noblest monument was a stone overlooking the Pass of Thermopylæ, and this was the inscription on the stone, speaking on behalf of the dead:

> Stranger, go and tell the Spartans that we lie here, obedient to their command.

More than two hundred years after the death of Leonidas a ship put out from the harbor of Carthage, in Africa, in which were carried several grave-looking statesmen whose business it was to beg the republic of Rome to show mercy to the beaten power of Carthage. With these ambassadors went a Roman prisoner named Regulus.

"I promise," he said to his captors in Africa, "to return to the prison in which I have lain five years, if my countrymen do not agree to make terms of peace."

In the Forum at Rome sat the elders of the Senate, each on his bench, and all listening to the message of Carthage city. When the ambassadors ceased, Regulus spoke.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, "my counsel to you is that you should not agree to the terms asked for by Carthage. My counsel is that you carry on the war till our republic gains the victory once for all. I know that if you so decide, I must go back to prison, but I am ready to meet my fate."

The Senate resolved to do as Regulus advised.

His wife and children approached and begged him to remain in Rome. But no; he had given his word of honor, and he would hold it sacred. Amid the tears of his friends he walked down to the Tiber in company with the Punic ambassadors. The citizens watched the sails hoisted and the rowers dip their oars. The face of Regulus was calm and steadfast. Ere long the ship had vanished in the south. Never again was Regulus seen in Rome. Stories were told of his violent death in the African prison. None would say for certain how he died. But never could Rome nor the world forget his courage and his faith.

We pass to the Middle Ages—to the thirteenth century—and we find ourselves in the midst of a crowd of folk at the gate of a small Italian city—Gubbio, on the slope of the Apennine Mountains.

"Father Francis," the people cried to a man who wore a gray robe and whose head was shaded by a hood, "go not forth to the forest; the wolf will devour you as it has devoured both animals and men!"

Francis, fearing naught, went out of the city, a few of the citizens following and trembling. A gaunt wolf, open-mouthed, came leaping toward the holy friar, but Francis made the sign of the cross and bade the fierce brute refrain from harm and lie down in gentleness. The old legend—which is untrue and yet true!—relates that the wolf lay down and listened to the quiet pleadings of Francis. The good father prayed him to think of the evil he had done and to think of the better way of peace and friendship with his fellow-creatures. Then Francis led him to the market-place of Gubbio, and all the people stood in wonder around while St. Francis of Assisi (for so he is now named) persuaded the wolf to agree to lead the life of a good neighbor and citizen, the wolf bowing its head and offering its paw in sign of willingness; and henceforward the creature dwelt in the city, doing injury to none and being fed and cherished by the people. In this legend is pictured the heroism of saints and heroes who, in face of dangers from wolfish men and tyrants, stood up in defense of the oppressed and afflicted, and quailed not at the threats or the fiery aspect of the enemy.

There stands in London the statue of a seaman clad in a long coat with large buttons, with a three-cornered hat on his head, a chart in the left hand, a telescope in the right; and keen are

his eyes and resolute his face. It is the figure of Capt. James Cook, born in 1728. This great Englishman was the son of a poor farm-laborer. Though he had no proper education, he so taught himself that in time he became the cleverest and wisest explorer of the age, and is forever famous for his voyages round the globe. Cook took part in the French-Canadian war; he made an excellent map of the river St. Lawrence; he voyaged to the island of Tahiti, in the midst of the Pacific, and there he used his telescope to watch the passing, or transit, of the planet Venus over the sun. He traced the coast-line of New Zealand, sailed along the shore of Australia, threaded his way among the icebergs of the Antarctic, crossed and recrossed the Pacific. No peril did he dread, whether of ice or storm or the wide waste of unknown seas, and year after year he pressed into regions of the world never before visited by European voyagers. With all this courage, he possessed mildness and loyalty of soul, ever anxious to do his work well, ever seeking to protect his crew from needless risk. So careful was he of his men's health that, in one of his voyages, out of his hundred men he lost only four, and three of those died by accident. Cook was honored even by the French when France was at war with England in 1779, and the French government ordered that Captain Cook should be treated as an ally by all

French men-of-war that met this valiant explorer on the high seas.

Captain Cook was engaged in his last voyage when another voyage, short but dangerous, carried a famous American across a river on Christmas night, 1776. The river was the Delaware, and the voyager was George Washington. A blizzard hurled the snowflakes through the dark air, and floating blocks of ice clashed in the current. Firm-lipped and clear-eyed, the commander-in-chief of the American army cheered his companions on the way, and the tossing boat was guided safely through the threatening ice. Some twenty-five hundred soldiers followed Washington through the storm, and next day marched to Trenton, capturing a thousand soldiers of the British force, with a large quantity of stores. As Washington confronted the tempest on that Christmas night, so he confronted all the terrors and tumults of the War of Independence. He knew not fear. He knew it not when he climbed the cliff at the Natural Bridge of Virginia and cut his name in the limestone higher than any of his companions dared to climb; nor when he fought the Indians in the forest in Braddock's expedition; nor when he raised the American flag for the first time at Cambridge; nor when he drove the British out of Boston; nor when cold and misery caused such suffering to his half-

starved soldiers at Valley Forge; nor when he met the power of Cornwallis at Yorktown; nor when the whisky rebels alarmed the citizens of Pennsylvania; nor when the call of death came to him in his old Virginian home at Mount Vernon. On one of his three swords, still kept at Mount Vernon, are written (in Latin) the mottoes, "Do what is right," and, "Fear no man." Near his tomb are planted eight trees, one of which is a British oak, placed there in proof that the British people, as well as the American people, give glory to Washington's memory.

Almost a hundred years after the death of Washington a fire broke out suddenly in a building in Paris. The building had been run up for the purpose of a charity fair or bazar, and its roof had been coated with pitch. Bevies of great ladies brightened the scene; music and gay gossip mingled their sounds; and over all this scene the president was a lady who bore a name famous in French history—the Duchess d'Alençon. When the alarm of fire was raised a panic occurred. A rush was made for the doors, the fright of the people being increased by the fiery droppings from the burning roof.

"Save yourself, madame," cried voices to the duchess.

But she felt that, as leader of the good work, she must set an example in courage as well as in

kindness. She said, quietly, "Let the others go out first." She sank on her knees.

The last woman who fled from the building glanced back and saw the duchess silently clasping her hands and awaiting death.

Was it not the same brave heart in them all? —in the Three Hundred, in Regulus, in St. Francis, in Captain Cook, in George Washington, in the Frenchwoman?

THE LION-KILLER

WHEN the lion sprang out of its dark den in the forest of the valley Hercules the Strong shot arrows at the fierce beast. When these shafts failed he beat the lion to the earth with his heavy club and then gripped the creature's neck and pressed with all his power and strangled him. Henceforth, Hercules wore the skin of the lion's head as a helmet and the leonine hide for a coat. Appearing in this dress before a Greek king, he terrified that monarch so much that he hid himself in a far corner of his palace, for kings are more accustomed to the fawning style—that is, the style of the gentle fawn—than to the "Hercules vein," as Shakespeare calls the grand manner of the lion-killer.

Nor was Hercules less prepared to face the bull of Crete. This magnificent animal had arisen from the Mediterranean waves and had been seized by the king of the Cretan island. But when the bull went mad and set the whole island in an uproar the only way out of the difficulty was to call in the aid of Hercules, who mastered

the raging son of the ocean, rode on his back, and drove him over the waters to the Peloponnesus land.

And whoever wishes to read the rest of the tale of the labors of Hercules must go to the book of Greek myths and read of the Strong One's capture of the boar and his fight with the nine-headed hydra and his seizure of Cerberus, the hound of hell, and so on. Do as you please about believing these stories of adventure. No doubt you will say that no such person as Hercules ever existed, and therefore he has never been seen in the United States.

Perhaps not. But I like to find a Hercules in other places than Greece and Crete. For instance, in Northampton, Massachusetts. In this city the excellent lady, Caroline Briggs, was born in 1822. Mr. G. S. Merriam has written the record of her noble life, and he tells how her father had charge of Northampton jail. The jailer's family kept a servant who fell sick and was visited by Dr. Flint. It was then the frequent custom of physicians to bleed their patients, and Dr. Flint made ready to practise this happy process on the maid-of-all-work. As nobody else happened to be in the house but little Caroline, she was invited to assist by holding the bowl.

The doctor lanced the patient's arm and the crimson stream flowed into the basin. The maid turned pale and faint, and so did Caroline.

"Don't dare to drop the bowl," ordered the doctor in a sharp tone.

Caroline grasped the vessel tight and played her part courageously till the blood-letting was finished. Then Dr. Flint smiled, and, placing his hand kindly on the child's shoulder, he said:

"You will never be faint at the sight of blood again."

No, and Caroline never was. She had carried out the unpleasant task like a heroine; and as I look in fancy at the brave face of that Massachusetts girl I think I catch a glimpse of Hercules, the lion-killer.

But I do not wish you to suppose that I mean to leave out the slayer of real lions, such as Theodore Roosevelt or Colonel Patterson. Let us take Patterson for an example. A few years ago, when a railway was being constructed in the British protectorate of Uganda, in East Africa, a vast deal of trouble was caused by two lions which attacked the Hindu coolies, or navvies, engaged in the work on the railroad. Twenty-eight Hindus were devoured, besides many Ugandan natives, and the coolie camp became a danger-spot almost too terrible to live in.

Colonel Patterson resolved to put an end to the nuisance. Night after night he kept watch from a tree or from the top of a wagon or mounted on a "crib" or stack of railroad sleepers. One night

he spent seated on a wooden stage underneath which lay a half-eaten donkey, one of the victims of the lions, in the hope that the brutes would come to devour the other half. Another bait prepared in this manner was a live goat. Sometimes the colonel endured his starlight vigil all alone, or perhaps a gun-bearer would keep him company, and through the long, long hours the guardian of human life, Hindu or European, would wait in patience and courage. After many weeks Patterson shot one of the lions from a stage, and the other was caught and slain in the open, and the railroad-builders pursued their labor in peace. Perchance as travelers ride at their ease over the plains of Uganda they may give a passing thought to the valiant rifleman who risked life and limb to make the railroad possible. And as I look in fancy at the brave face of Patterson I think I catch a glimpse of Hercules, the lion-killer.

Our next excursion takes us to Japan, and we will go back in time some two hundred and fifty years.

There was a certain clan, or tribe, named Sakura, and the chief of that clan failed in health and brain power, and his place was taken by dishonest officers, whose aim was "graft," and not the good of the people. Hence they laid taxes, heavy and grievous to be borne, upon the peasants and farmers of the province. The result was severe

poverty, and folk starved, and the sigh of the oppressed was bitter.

Now at that time and in that place there lived a village head-man who had a heart full of love for his fellow-men, and he was known as Sogoro Sakura. When he saw the sorrows of his neighbors he was much moved and he made petition to the officers of the government, but they gave no heed to his righteous prayer. Undaunted by their refusal, he besought for mercy on the people again and again, but without success. At length he said:

"I will go to Yedo, and I will address the Shogun himself."

The Shogun was the chief of all the armies of Japan.

To Yedo went Sogoro Sakura, and for him it was a journey of doom, for, though he presented his petition to the Shogun, the hate of the grafters followed him and they denounced him as an enemy of his country, and the Shogun believed their lies, and Sogoro Sakura was crucified and his four sons were beheaded; and a great multitude of Japanese beheld the tragic scene, and the hearts of the people loved the man who died as a martyr for their sake. Even the Shogun and the rulers of the provinces felt the reproach and the scorn of the nation, and they lightened the burden of taxation, and even in his death Sogoro Sakura

blessed his neighbors. Japan has never forgotten this hero who defied injustice and tyranny. And as I look in fancy at the brave face of Sogoro Sakura I think I catch a glimpse of Hercules, the lion-killer.

Fly with me yet again, if you will, to America.

In November, 1854, a three-masted schooner, carrying grain, was wrecked on the Canadian shore of one of the Great Lakes. Captain Hackett, six sailors, and the cook clung to the rigging through the cold night, the freezing waves splashing over them and numbing every limb.

As dawn broke a woman looked out from a lonely cabin on the shore. It was Abigail Becker, the wife of a trapper who was then absent from home; and Abigail was left at home with her young children, the elder boy being a cripple.

She was about to fetch water from the lake when she caught sight of the wrecked schooner. Alert and quick-witted, she saw at once what was needed. She lit a fire of driftwood on the beach and got ready boiling water and tea. Then she waded some way into the water and begged the half-dead men to make an effort. The captain swam toward the shore, sank, rose again, grasped the outstretched hand of Abigail, and was drawn safe to land. The second mate followed. Even the lame boy sought to join in the blessed task of rescue and plunged into the lake. Poor lad, his

little strength failed him and Abigail had to drag both him and the mate into the shallow water and on to the beach. All except the cook were landed, Mrs. Becker helping in each case, and they gratefully gathered round the fire and chafed their frozen bodies. Not till the next morning was the cook delivered from his peril by the comrades who had now recovered.

The praises of Abigail rang in all the journals. The merchants of Buffalo, New York, subscribed a large sum of money as a gift; the American Humane Association sent her a gold medal; and a letter from Victoria, Queen of England, thanked this simple woman of the people for her goodness and heroism. And as I look in fancy at the brave face of that Canadian mother I think I catch a glimpse of Hercules, the lion-killer.

BEWARE!

TWO small girls, the elder of whom was not quite six years old, trotted out one pleasant morning along a road in Massachusetts. The elder was Lucy Larcom, afterward known as a popular authoress. She proudly took charge of her sister. This little one was in high spirits, for she was wearing a new pair of red morocco boots, and mighty was her joy to see her feet dancing in their rosy splendor over the soil of Massachusetts! As for Lucy, she was a dreamy sort of girl, good for star-gazing, and cloud-gazing, and castle-in-the-air gazing.

Little sister caught sight of a group of the tall, reedy plants known as cattails growing in a distant corner of a meadow. Off she rushed to secure the prizes. Lucy watched for a few minutes and then suddenly remembered that the ground hereabouts was a bog. Scarcely had she called the fact to mind when she saw her sister's red morocco boots disappearing in the earth and, like Persephone in the ancient Greek story, she seemed about to be swallowed up in the bowels

of the earth. With a shriek of alarm Lucy Larcom rushed to the rescue and with tremendous pulls and tugs she succeeded in drawing her sister from the miry pit; and both trudged home, very frightened, very muddy, and expecting a severe scolding from mother; and that which they expected they received. The adventure was one of Miss Larcom's enduring memories, and she relates it in her story of *A New England Girlhood.* It taught her to beware—that is to say, to be on guard, to practise guardfulness or wariness. Or, instead of the old English word "wariness," we may use the Latin term "prudence," which indeed is the same as "providence," and means "looking forward." How often we read the notice on the prudence board (if one may so speak) by the side of the railroad track at the crossing, *Stop! Look! Listen!* It seems to shout in our ears the warning cry, "Safety first!"

"I can never look at the edge of a sidewalk," said a man to me, "without seeming to hear a voice cry, 'Safety first!' When I glance at the step by which one mounts a trolley-car it is as if a giant bawled, 'Safety first!' And when I approach a stream a hundred trumpets scream at me, 'Safety first!' It is all the result of hearing a gentleman from Chicago lecture on the duty of attending to safety first! And I almost wish I hadn't heard him!"

Nevertheless, the prudence board is our beloved and faithful friend.

Dr. Paul Dubois, of the Swiss city of Berne, tells how a number of boys whom he knew returned from a country ramble and greeted him; and one of them, who appeared very wet and muddy, had a tale, half merry, half woeful, to relate concerning a misfortune that had befallen him.

The boys roamed in a wood and discovered a pond, in the center of which was a small island. From the shore of the pond to the shore of the island the distance was six or seven feet.

"I bet," said one of the boys to a companion, "that you can't jump across."

He spoke with a sly, sidelong look. The distance was not extraordinary, but if the companion had been on his guard he would have made another calculation.

He accepted the challenge, took a run, leaped, and landed like a conqueror, radiant with joy, on the little island. But lo, and behold! he saw his friends shaking with laughter.

"Now come back," they exclaimed, laughing and laughing.

Ah! 'twas easier said than done, for the island was so small that it allowed no space for taking a run by which to gain force or momentum for the return jump. The simplest way—and the dirtiest

way!—was to step off, wade through the mud and water, and go back, in a dreadful mess, to the arms of his loving and laughing comrades. This he did and, being a boy of manly good humor, he joined in the laughter at his own expense. After that he looked before he leaped.

If any boy reads this chapter and thinks the "safety first" people are a mean and timid race of folk, he is quite wrong in his reckoning. Would any boy say that Kit Carson was mean and timid? —I mean Kit Carson, the Kentucky trapper, the boldest of the bold in fighting Indians. He was bold, but cautious. He valorously fought two grizzly bears, but he was wary.

When Kit Carson camped out in the Far West he arranged his bed with considerable care. As both a pillow and a shield for his head he used a saddle. Within close reach he laid two pistols half-cocked, and underneath his blanket, so as to protect it from damp, he placed his rifle, ready loaded. When he sat at the camp-fire he took such a position as would leave his body in the shadow. Now and then, if he wanted to light a pipe, he would lean forward, rapidly effect his object, and hastily draw back into the gloom. For the exposure to the light of the fire might have meant death. His comrades, more reckless, but not in the least more bold, than Kit Carson, would sometimes chaff him for his extreme prudence.

"No, no, boys," he would reply, "you may hang around the fire and show yourselves to all beholders if you like it, but I don't want an Indian to slip an arrow into me when I can't see him."

For in the neighboring pine-wood or among boulders of the glen the stealthy foe might lurk for long hours in the hope of getting in a shot at some figure revealed by the blaze of the camp-fire.

Had his comrades been learned in the old Greek lore they might have nicknamed Kit Carson "Prometheus."

A word or two, by your leave, about Prometheus, whose name means fore (pro) thinking (metheus), or forethought, or prudence, or wariness.

Son of a giant and of a lady of the ocean, and brother of the tremendous Atlas, he was the very essence of strength, but his best strength lay in his wit and his efficiency of brain. He dared to match his intellect against the mighty Zeus himself—Zeus, the lord of the heavens and wielder of the thunderbolt, throned on Olympus, with the royal eagle at his side. It was this glorious Forethought who stole fire from heaven and brought it down in a hollow reed and presented it as a priceless gift to mankind. Glorious fire! master of the hearth, smelter of metals, and father of steam-power; glorious fire! without whose aid the hu-

man race could never have developed, and the railroads would never have crossed the continents, and the Panama Canal would never have united two oceans.

Much, indeed, did Forethought suffer, for Zeus condemned the fire-stealer to the flames of Tartarus and then to the black rocks of Mount Caucasus. On Caucasus he was fettered by unbreakable chains, and a great eagle tore at his liver each day, and, though it was renewed by night, again devoured it on each succeeding day; and for long and weary years Prometheus endured these pangs. Ever afterward, in memory of his agonies on Caucasus, he wore an iron ring on his finger and a crown of willow on his brow. But never did he cease to labor for his beloved mankind. He taught men how to prophesy—that is, how to calculate on events that might happen, how to use herbs for medicine, how to tame animals, how to count, how to study the stars, and how to use the alphabet. Every year the citizens of Athens held a torch-race in his honor.

Hence, you will not be ashamed to follow the example of so sublime a hero as this Greek Prometheus, and if you are wary with regard to railroads, trolley-cars, machinery, food, drink, and the use of your money, you are exercising forethought in excellent company.

Look behind also. Prometheus had a brother

named Epimetheus, or Backward Thought. In the name of Epimetheus I bid you remember that the automobile may bring peril from the rear as well as the front. And a good many cheating and swindling things come from the rear.

Beware!

CUTTING THROUGH

THE name of the Culebra Cut reminds us of the marvelous cutting-through which created the Panama Canal. You may not have noticed that the same idea of "cutting through" is wrapped up in the Latin word *persevere*, for "per" means "through" and "severe" means "to cut."

Little Willie was a Scots boy who had a gift for cutting through. When he was five years of age his parents allotted to him a small piece of ground out of which to make a garden. Docks and thistles grew richly on it, and his business was to clear off these weeds, remove the many stones, lay down fresh mold, and raise flowers. His parents watched him travel to and fro, carrying away loads of useless stuff and fetching from a distance in his toy wheelbarrow soft earth in which to sow his seeds. So big a heap did Willie bring that they jokingly called it "Willie's grave." No jests could turn the serious young Scot from his purpose. In due time the tiny green blades appeared, and then stems and leaves, and then blossoms that filled the place with brightness and

fragrance. It was no wonder that in after-years he gained success as a British officer and statesman in India, and the name of Sir William Hunter is still remembered with honor. One may say he was a Panama Canal type of boy, a cutter through.

Augusta was a girl of the same sort. . . .

But stay! Ere I relate the tale of Augusta in the garden it may be as well to caution you that there is a kind of perseverance which is simply foolishness.

For example, Mr. Hook, a notable English painter, was seated on a stool on the Cornish coast in England, busily engaged in sketching on his canvas the beautiful seascape and landscape that stretched before his admiring gaze—blue for the sky, purple for the sea, brown and green for the bluffs, and so on.

Two men came and looked over his shoulder, and they stared in such a way as to render the artist uncomfortable. So he turned and asked:

"How long are you going to stand there?"

Perhaps the sharp question displeased them. One of them replied:

"As long as we think proper."

"How long is that?"

"An hour."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Hook moved his stool and easel some thirty

yards away and resumed his painting. The men kept their word. The minutes glided by, and still they stood. An hour passed, and they had not budged. Then at last they slouched away, proud —perhaps—of having fulfilled their pledge. If you choose, you can commend them for their perseverance. As for me, I shall merely call them obstinate, which is a very different thing! You surely would not say that the cutters of the Panama Canal were obstinate.

Well, now we will go back to our "broken melody" of Augusta.

She was a London girl. Even at the age of seven Augusta Drane could not pronounce her words correctly. Instead of "kings and queens" she would say "tins and tweens," and instead of saying she had played her "scales" on the piano she talked of playing her "tails." The maids—Kitty, Liddy, and Judy—resolved to tease her out of this babyish habit.

One day when Augusta asked Kitty, the cook, if she might come into the "titchen" Kitty cried, "Bless the child! she can't say kitchen yet."

The child who had been blessed in this sarcastic manner beat a retreat into the garden, and retired behind the laurel-bushes. She walked up and down, angry with herself and angry with her lisping tongue, and determined to talk proper English. She meant to cut through.

"Titchen," she muttered to herself; then she added: "Wrong! wrong! wrong! Try again."

Backward and forward behind the laurel-bushes marched Augusta Drane.

"Titchen! No! . . . Tins! No!"

Backward and forward behind the laurel-bushes marched Augusta Drane.

At length she succeeded.

"Kitchen! Kings! Queens! Scales!"

In a great joy she rushed toward the kitchen window, shouting: "Kitty! Liddy! Judy! Come quick!"

Out flew the three maids, fearing some accident had occurred.

With an air of triumph and with sparkling eyes Augusta yelled, "Kitchen, kitchen, kitchen, kitchen!"

That was the real Panama Canal sort. She became a noble woman, and was known in the Roman Catholic Church as Mother Frances Raphael, O. S. D., and she died, full of good works and loved by all who had known her.

A long voyage will take us to the island dominion of New Zealand in the southern seas.

Many years ago the people on the west coast had opened up a new copper-mine and, before starting regular operations, they considered that it would be the proper thing to hold a public meeting at the mouth of the freshly made shaft

and christen the mine with a special name. It was proposed that Mr. Richard Seddon, who was admired for his eloquent speech, should perform the ceremony. Seddon promised to do so. He hoped some day to be elected a member of the New Zealand Parliament, so this occasion would help to make him and the people of the district better acquainted.

The mine was situated twelve miles from the city, and the procession that set out on the appointed day had to march by a somewhat roundabout route. When the folk departed, however, Mr. Seddon had not joined the party, and it was agreed that if he was not punctual in arriving his rival, Mr. A. B., would take his place. Mr. A. B., you see, also wished to be elected to Parliament!

Seddon had been called away on important business. When he hastened home and found the procession had left the city he seized a tomahawk and ran off as fast as his legs would take him. He chose a short cut (yes, indeed a "cut,") through bush land, and every now and then he had to hack his way through the prickly shrubs, and he got many a scratch in the mighty struggle. With scars on his face and with torn clothes he nevertheless arrived at the mine before the procession. Cool as a cucumber, he was ready at the exact moment to announce to the assembled crowd,

"Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to declare this mine open," etc.

He cut through the bushes, and cut through the elections, and rose to be member of Parliament and Prime Minister of the Dominion, and was finally knighted—"Sir Richard Seddon." The Panama Canal sort again!

Observe that little Willie Hunter persevered in garden-making for his own pleasure, that Augusta Drane persevered in the task of self-improvement, and that Richard Seddon persevered in a career of self-advancement; and all these things were rightly done and well done.

But our last example of the Panama Canal spirit was a man who did not cut through for his own sake. He arrived at the goal which he had aimed at for the sake of humanity.

About the year 1782 a young student from Cambridge University, England, rode on horseback along a quiet country road toward London, and his knit brow showed how deep he was in thought. Presently he reined in his horse, alighted, and knelt down on the green turf beside the road.

"I vow," he said, softly, but very earnestly, "to fight the evil thing to the death.

The evil thing was negro slavery, which existed in Great Britain and her colonies, as it did in the land which had a few years before proudly named itself the United States.

The student was Thomas Clarkson. He declared that it was contrary to the common law of England to hold any man, white or colored, in bondage, and wherever he met a case of slavery he pursued the slave-owner to the court of law and exhausted every effort to secure his punishment.

In one case he could not prove that a certain man had sold a negro into slavery unless he produced the evidence of a sailor. But the sailor had vanished. Clarkson searched for the missing sailor in five of the British seaports. From one ship to another he went, patient and unwearied, always asking if such and such a man formed one of the crew.

He cut through. On the fifty-seventh vessel he found the man he was in search of; he persuaded the sailor to accompany him to the law-court in London; the evidence was given; the wrong-doer was convicted of breaking the law and duly punished.

Thus Clarkson and others persevered until in the year 1833 negro slavery was finally abolished throughout the British possessions.

For a time, alas! Clarkson was blind, his strenuous work having affected his eyes. But the blind man saw, nevertheless; for he saw an England from which the sin of slavery had been removed.

This noble citizen died in 1846, and a monument stands on the spot where he knelt and made his splendid vow.

THE ATHLETE

THE athlete was foaming at the mouth. Strong as Hercules, with muscles that made a picture to admire, he was, nevertheless, a wretched-looking object as he walked along the street of a Persian city in a towering rage.

"What ails the athlete?" asked a wise man of one of the bystanders.

"He has been abused and insulted, and he is very angry."

"But he seems beside himself and to have lost his self-control."

"It is true."

"Why," said the wise man, "I have seen this athlete raise a big boulder of stone which no other man could raise an inch. So this poor creature can lift a stone of huge weight and yet cannot bear the weight of a little insulting word!"

Thus runs the tale in one of the poems written by the ancient and famous Persian poet, Sadi.

When I visited Boston, Massachusetts, and had the pleasure of addressing the children in the Bowdoin public school and the pupils in the high

school on Bunker Hill, they appeared to me a very nicely behaved set of young people. But, on reading an interesting book by Mr. Colin A. Scott, I learned that at least one boy in Boston had disturbed that famous city by very troublesome manners. He was such a fidget and was so lacking in the power of steady command over himself that he was dismissed from six schools, one after the other. Neither teachers nor pupils had any use for him!

He was then examined by a skilful doctor.

"Is there any game you like to play at?" asked the scientific man.

"Yes, sir; baseball."

"H'm! indeed! Well, what is your father employed at?"

"He looks after race-horses."

"Do those horses always behave properly? For instance, do they always trot as your father wishes?"

"No, sir."

"What happens? Does he whip them?"

"Father puts the troublesome horse aside in the stable for a few days, and takes care of him, and keeps him quiet."

"Ah, I see. And don't your hands and feet sometimes act in a way that you don't want when you are playing baseball?"

"Yes, sir."

"Suppose, then, you put them aside for a while in quiet and order. How long could you hold them still?"

"Thirty minutes."

"Try fifteen, and let me know what happened."

Keep them still for fifteen minutes the Boston boy could not!"

"Try five," said the scientific man.

He tried five; and things were better. Two or three days later he tried ten minutes; and thus he continued for several weeks. You will observe that he was now in School No. 7, and you will believe that he loved his teacher, for his teacher was his very own Mr. Self! An excellent school for everybody to go to is S. S. 7—Self School 7. The result was he gained more self-control and became a better baseball-player—in fact, a better athlete, with more power and more joy than he had ever felt before; and parents and teachers were glad.

I like that boy, not because he was turned out of six schools, but because he labored so hard to improve his self-mastery.

Self-control was much easier for little Alice Freeman. She was a minister's daughter at Colesville, New York, where the family dwelt in the middle of the nineteenth century. According to the fashion of the day, Alice wore large curls on each side of her head.

THE ATHLETE

One summer evening, when Alice was somewhere about eight years of age, the family knelt around the table at prayer, and the father's voice solemnly murmured. Presently a June bug came in at the open window, flittered hither and thither, and at length, oh, horror! it settled inside one of Alice Freeman's lovely curls.

Alice had an intense desire to scream, but she had also a desire to avoid interrupting the prayer, for she had been taught never to interrupt a conversation. Brave little soul, she remained as still as a mouse while the bug explored the mysteries of the curl.

When the people rose from their knees she rushed to her father and explained:

"I wanted to scream, but I couldn't upset you and God."

"Of course not," said Mr. Freeman, as he drew the beetle out of its nook and quietly threw it into the open air.

This fine quality of self-control Alice practised all her life. She was afterward well known as a pioneer of women's education, her married name being Alice Freeman Palmer.

I have often told the following story of Horace to American children, and they amused me by the different ways in which they regarded the boy's behavior under rather trying circumstances; so now I repeat it here, and you must pass judgment

as wise judges, as resolved to give an honest opinion as if you were sitting in the Supreme Court of the United States.

At the time in question Horace was fifteen years old, with curiously thick white hair, and having a rather quaint appearance in his short trousers. He had a gift for spelling and composition, and the vocation he longed for was that of type-setter in a printing-office. So off he trudged one day to the office of the *Spectator* journal, in East Poultney, New Hampshire. The editor, Mr. Bliss, sat in conversation with a friend.

Enter Horace, white-haired, short-trousered. He applied for work as an apprentice.

"He looks like a fool," whispered the friend to the editor.

Horace was accepted, and departed happy.

"Mr. Bliss," said the friend, "you're not going to hire that tow-head, are you?"

Mr. Bliss had no reason to regret hiring the tow-head.

Nevertheless, history tells that the other apprentices in the shop had no great love for the painstaking and diligent Horace, who always set them so good an example of sticking to his task. They got up a conspiracy against the industrious apprentice.

"Horace's hair is too white for a printer," cried one of these lively lads.

He advanced toward Horace, who was busily engaged in picking up the metal types from the printing-case, or frame, and by means of a large inking-ball he drew a beautiful black streak down the industrious apprentice's head.

To the astonishment of everybody, Horace did not look round, but gravely continued his occupation.

"Two," cried the hair-restorer, making a second streak.

Horace went on quietly with his work.

"Three," cried the persevering master of the science of inking.

The spectators in the *Spectator* office had never been more amazed. Horace showed no sign of disturbance.

"Four," cried the inker in triumph; for Horace's hair was now all jet black.

And still he pursued his business.

You will agree that this was very remarkable self-control.

Opinions will differ as to whether Horace acted rightly or wrongly. I have asked young people in Wisconsin, in Maryland, in Washington, D. C., and elsewhere to put up their hands and vote on the question, "Ought Horace to have turned round and punched the other boy's head?"

The girls generally voted "No," and the boys often voted "Yes," but they never all said the

same; and, strange to say, the teachers who were present at the voting used also to disagree! So there we must leave it, or ask the Supreme Court to decide.

But the history does record one fact of some consequence. It says that Horace gained the respect of all who worked in the office. They understood that in this boy's soul there was something of the good athlete, something of power and mastery that would assist him to make good in the great world. Indeed, he did some efficient work. It was he—Horace Greeley—who founded the New York *Tribune*, and to whose voice so many people listened with respectful attention at the period of the great Civil War. You will perhaps recall this story whenever you pass his statue in New York City, and notice the thick locks of hair that the sculptor has properly placed on Horace's head.

But there is one short tale still to be told, and I want to tell it because it is about self-control that was exercised for the noblest of all reasons.

It occurred near the old city of Banbury in England, that Banbury of which the babies love to hear:

> Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
> To see a fine lady on a white horse!

A young woman named Allitt, daughter of a miller, was left alone in the mill-house with her

invalid mother. She was cooking in front of a stove when her dress caught fire, and she could not put out the flames. She gave no alarm. In silence she fought the fire; in silence she was defeated; in silence she suffered and sank to the ground.

Why silent? Because she feared her cry might give a fatal shock to the sick mother in the next room.

She was found by neighbors in a state of collapse. They bore her tenderly to the hospital at Banbury. In an hour she was dead. The heroine had controlled her feeling and her agony and had yielded up her life for the sake of her mother.

THIS GLORIOUS ONE

IN the olden times that never were, except for the poets, a boy of the Caddo tribe in Oklahoma went out from the wigwam in the twilight before the dawn, and plunged into the river, and swam lustily, and joyed in his strength of leg and arm, and scrambled out, and sat on the grass that bordered the stream with cheerful green. He sat and waited; he waited for the dawn; and the glorious sun rose and flung its gold on the waters of the Red River and tipped with crimson the tops of the Wichita Mountains.

Now the boy's soul was also at the dawn.

The boy's ear listened, not only to the rustling message of the breeze in the trees, but also for a voice that would surely come.

Yes, it came; and it said:

"Each morn have I seen you, boy, for a long while past. Each morn, in heat or frost, in spring or fall, you have dared the fates and swum in the stream, and breasted the wave with the stout heart of a chief and a master."

The young Caddo waited till out of the river

rose a gaunt figure, which was Indian and yet weird and ghostly.

"Plunge," said the Spirit, "four times into this water and then look toward that sky where the sun sets."

The lad did as he was bid, and then sat on the grass and faced the west. The gray, thin locks of the Spirit were gently blown by the passing wind as he spoke:

"I am the Soul of the Storm. At one time I had sway over all the winds that blew, and the folk held me in awe, and I was chief of the air of Oklahoma. But age has crept upon me, and I must needs yield place to one that has strength and endurance; and I have searched, and at length found. I choose you, bold youth. Wave your arms!"

The youth waved his arms, and ere long a dark cloud mounted the heaven on the north and glided toward the west, and the storm burst; and, the wilder the arms of the young Indian swung, the louder howled the blast and the more terrific fell the rain, and pines and oaks were torn up by the roots, and rivers and lakes were lashed into billows and foam.

"Halt!"

At the call of the Spirit the hurricane ceased, and the boy breathed hard and rested, but he felt in his heart the mastery over the storm; and

boyhood was growing into manhood, and the wondrous Self was taking shape within.

"Chief," said the aged Spirit, "my strength has passed to you and you are the lord of the storm. Use not your power for the harm of men. Use your giant's strength for help and for mercy, and give the blessed rain to Oklahoma in the spring, or whenever the parched earth shows signs of thirst and prays for the soft shower. Farewell."

Never again was the old Spirit seen, but his task was carried on by the new generation, and the youth guided the chariot and horses of the tempest which, though at times angry and violent, brought riches and fertility to the soil.

Thus the Soul of the boy grew, and thus his Self became masterful.

Ride on, proud Self, and be master; ride on, and conquer, and make a great name!

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

There was a field of battle at Stone River, Tennessee, on the last day of the year 1862. Amid the storm of war the dying year passed its closing hours, and Federals and Confederates fought and fell. To and fro over the field near Murfreesborough walked Augustus Conant, chap-

lain to one of the Federal regiments. He bore a red flag fixed on a ramrod, and the red flag was a sign of mercy, for Mr. Conant was searching for the wounded. Dusk was stealing over the plains of Tennessee. The battle still raged, but the chaplain still searched, unafraid of shot or shell that still flew with messages of death. His voice rang out through the twilight:

"Any wounded here that need help?"

He listened eagerly for an answering cry to right or left, front or rear.

In the hospital where the sick and wounded lay he moved hither and thither, alert, quick-eyed, swift-handed, great-hearted. Here, indeed, was a masterful Soul and a noble Self. Well had the American lad learned his lessons, and finely had the Self unfolded, and the servant of the fatherland and of humanity did his excellent work.

"Chaplain," said the soldiers to him, "you must rest or you will die."

Augustus Conant replied: "I cannot rest while you suffer. If I must die, I will die helping you."

He worked too hard. He caught inflammation of the lungs, and on the 7th of February, 1863, the chaplain was dead. He had yielded up his life in self-sacrifice.

But stay! What word is this—self-sacrifice? Can this be just and right, that the glorious Self

that throbbed in the breast of the youth should fling itself into storm, peril, and death?

Just and right, indeed; everlastingly just and right. Augustus Conant knew that whatever was noble in the Self could prove its worth in death as well as in life, and that sometimes the true Self could be best seen in death, and death was the crown of life. Let the republic salute his memory.

Such is the glorious Self in man that can ride the storm or go to the death of self-sacrifice.

In far-back ages in India the teacher Buddha taught his disciples the law of the Noble Path, and the Noble Path was the way of righteousness. Then, as even to-day, the Hindu people worshiped the god Siva. This Siva was a most majestic being, armed with a hundred bows and a thousand quivers full of arrows, and he was lord of life and fruitfulness. The Hindus thought of him at times as having a head mighty as the Himalaya Mountains, with rivers flowing down the valleys and trickling through the folds of his gigantic beard.

Now the teacher Buddha would often speak to his disciples of the Soul and Self, and how wonderful was the spirit of man and its unfolding, and how, by looking at the vision of things true and beautiful and good the Self might also become fine and pure and glorious.

It happened one day (so runs the Eastern tale) that, as Buddha and his disciples conversed on

these things, there shone a great light round about, and they saw the grand and towering figure of Siva. All of Buddha's companions, except one named Vajrapani, were dazzled and frightened by the splendid vision.

Vajrapani said to the teacher: "How is it, sir, that, though I have often beheld the splendid stars of the midnight sky, as many in number as the grains of sand in the bed of the river Ganges, I have never before seen this Glorious One? Tell me, sir, who he is?"

Then Buddha looked upon his disciple in love, knowing how glorious a heart he had, and said, "It is thy Self."

PUNISHMENT

THE square tower of the old Norman Castle at Richmond, in Yorkshire, England, stands on rocks high above the rippling river Swale; and the ancient town has steep streets on the hillside. Near this place in the year 1832 was born Dorothy Pattison, who afterward became a famous Englishwoman. She was a self-willed little girl, and put up many a stout fight in order to win her own way. But she was once very badly defeated.

She and her sister wore big velvet bonnets, which were then in fashion, and which the girls thought ugly, and which really were ugly! So they formed a grand plot to destroy the horrid headgear, making sure that Mrs. Pattison would then be obliged to provide them with bonnets both new and prettier. One day when mother had gone out Dorothy and her sister put on their bonnets and leaned out of the library window in such a way as to catch the rain and spoil the velvet. Then they hung up the bonnets, all wet, knowing that the damp would leave dreadful traces. Next Sunday Dorothy said:

"Mother, our bonnets are quite spoiled. We can never wear them any more."

Mother, however, had discovered the dark conspiracy, and she ordered the dismayed sisters to array themselves in the sadly spotted velvet bonnets; and, after this manner adorned, they proceeded to the village church, and they sat in misery all through the service, feeling that all the congregation spent their time in gazing at the damaged velvet. Thus did Dorothy (afterward the noble nurse, Sister Dora) punish herself! But, as you can see, though she punished herself, the punishment was not by any means part of the original plan.

In Isaac Hopper's case, however, the punishment was given by himself quite willingly. You may have heard of Isaac. He was a member of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, like William Penn, and was born in the west of New Jersey, 1771.

When he was eight years of age his father sent him with cart, horse, and a load of grain to a flour-mill several miles from home. People took their grain to be ground and, of course, each customer had to wait his turn, and "first come" was "first served"—at least that was the rule; but on this occasion this young citizen of New Jersey broke it. As he was approaching the mill another boy arrived before him and jumped from his cart to open the gate of the miller's yard.

"Hi!" cried Isaac, "just let me drive in before you shut the gate."

The boy politely complied.

Isaac returned no thanks, but whipped his horse, hurried through, reached the mill first, and rather meanly made out that as he was "first come" he must be "first served"; and his corn was duly ground.

The other boy said nothing. Isaac grinned.

However, the look on the other boy's face touched young Hopper's conscience. There are some looks, indeed, that speak louder than words. Isaac went up to the stranger and said:

"I did wrong, though it was in fun. Here's sixpence to make up."

The stranger's eyes brightened; he accepted the silver coin, and the lads were staunch friends ever afterward.

Isaac Hopper had willingly punished himself and fined himself sixpence.

Five dollars was the amount of the fine in our next case.

This was the case of a student at Cambridge University, England, who lived in the same period as Isaac, the Quaker. His name was Charles Simeon, and he is known in the history of the Church of England as a very fervent preacher.

He was somewhat lazy, or, at any rate, he considered himself lazy, and he resolved to cure him-

self of the fault. He made a vow. I suppose vows were fashionable at Cambridge in those days. You may recollect that in the chapter on "Cutting Through" the story was told about the student Clarkson vowing to secure freedom for the negro slaves.

Charles Simeon's vow was as follows:

"I vow that if ever I oversleep myself again and do not rise in time to attend my class at the college I will throw a sovereign into the river."

The river Cam flowed behind King's College.

Well, the very next morning Charles slept and and slept, and slept. The students had assembled, the professor was at his desk, and Charles Simeon slumbered like Rip Van Winkle.

He woke with a start, glanced at the clock, knew he was guilty, condemned himself, gazed regretfully at the gold coin, rose, flung open the window, and tossed the sovereign into the depths of the river Cam, where, for all I know, it still lies. Anyway, the self-punishment taught him the virtue of early rising.

Our little picture-gallery of self-punishers has contained the portraits of a little girl, a youthful Quaker, a university student. We will next introduce a prince, glittering in Hindu silks and jewels, and wielding the sword of the warrior. This, if you please, is the Rana Sangram, ruler of a

province in northwest India. His followers called him Sangram Sing, which means "the Lion of Battle," for he was as brave in war as he was just and honorable in his government.

One day Sangram Sing sat in the banqueting-hall of his palace, and a crowd of splendid chieftains were his guests, and many and various were the dishes of food on the tables. But when the servants brought in the curds of milk, which is a favorite dainty in India, the Lion of Battle noticed that the sourness of the milk was not softened with sugar.

He beckoned to the steward and inquired the reason.

"Your Highness," said that officer, humbly, "there is no sugar."

"In the name of the Himalayas, then, what has become of it all?"

"Your Highness has given it away."

"What do you mean?"

"Sir, you gave the sugar village to one of your warriors who pleased you."

It was quite true. In the domain of Sangram Sing each village paid a certain tax to the prince's treasury. The tax of one village paid the expense of the royal clothes; of another, the royal tools and vessels; of another, the royal elephants; of another, the royal sugar; and so on. In a moment of good temper Sangram Sing had bestowed the

sugar-supplying village upon a friend, and he had quite forgotten the circumstance.

The Lion of Battle reflected; then he smiled.

"Quite right," he said; and he went on eating the sour curds without sugar, and without grimacing.

A simple action, but it was worthy of a prince and a gentleman.

And if you are not tired of hearing of old English cities, let me carry you, last of all, to a little place named Uttoxeter, in the pleasant English midlands, on the bank of the sweet river Dove.

In the eighteenth century, somewhere about the time when the city of Baltimore was founded in Maryland, a quiet old man used to preside at a stall in the market-place of Uttoxeter and sell books to all who had a studious mind. He attended the market once a week, coming for that purpose from the city in which he resided with his son Samuel, some miles away.

One day Mr. Johnson, the bookseller, did not feel well. It was market-day, and he was anxious to have the business carried on as usual, though he much wished to stay at home. He therefore asked his son to go, instead. Samuel was unwilling. The father begged. Samuel burst out in ill-temper:

"No, sir, I will not go!"

The old man departed with his load of books,

and was to be seen all that day at his accustomed place in the market. Ill as he was, he would not neglect his trade.

Many years afterward, when the bookseller was long since dead, the son—who was the famous Dr. Johnson, author of the first great Dictionary of the English Language—paid a visit to Uttoxeter and made his way to the spot where once his father kept the book-stall.

He had come to punish himself.

The rain was drizzling, but, in spite of the inclement weather, Samuel Johnson took off his hat and stood bareheaded for a considerable time. Passers-by stared and whispered, and still Johnson did not move.

If the father could have seen this penance he would have uttered a kindly blessing and declared his forgiveness.

THE MONUMENT

THERE is a great orphanage at Philadelphia known as Girard College. It keeps fresh the memory of the good-hearted French-American banker, Stephen Girard, who lived in the Quaker City in the eighteenth century.

A curious man was Girard, and curious things he did.

An Irishman once applied to him for any work that he could set him to, for he was in need.

"I haven't any work to give you," said the banker.

"Anything, anything," pleaded the man.

"Well, well, I will give you something to do that will occupy you for a day."

The Irishman beamed.

"You see those bricks on one side of the yard," said Girard. "Move them all to the other side."

"Yes, sir."

The business took several hours, and at last the Irishman reported that the whole pile had been moved across the yard.

"So soon?" exclaimed the banker. "I thought

the job would take you all day. Well, well, what's to be done? Ah! I have an idea. Move them all back again!"

The Irishman stared, thought a few moments, and then said: "No, sir. I can't do that. It would only be useless labor."

Girard promptly bade the man go, as if angry with the refusal. Nevertheless, he paid for the day's "work."

But what do you think? Ought we to call it work? Was it of any benefit to any soul on earth? It is true the banker paid. But paying a dollar for a common egg-shell, cracked and empty, would not lend a true value to such an object. The Irishman had a feeling of self-respect which rebelled against the idea of a man spending his energy on so worthless a task as moving bricks across the yard and then back again.

It is easy to see from this story that mere toil does not create true "work." Work should help, comfort, and bless.

Some years ago an Englishman, Mr. C. R. Ashbee, visited a factory in Rhode Island, where he beheld two hundred men at work in a big room, all busily polishing teapots. The pots were plated with silver and the men were dusty with red-brown polishing-powder used in shining the silvery surface.

The teapots were made by machinery and, no

doubt, were very good articles for the prices they were sold at. But they were all machine-made.

Mr. Ashbee was a man who loved handicraft. He loved to see things shaped by the craft of the human hand and eye, with the aid of a few simple tools and without the whirl and clatter and soulless labor of a machine. Silver was one of his favorite substances out of which to mold things of beauty—cups, boxes, statuettes, and so forth. With what joy he would see silver angels grow under the cunning hands of the craftsmen, or silver acorns, or silver maple leaves! For handwork is so much finer and more pleasing than machine-work; for the artist in wood, or metal, or terra-cotta, or thread, or linen, or silk can put so much more of his or her heart into it; and heart-work is the purest of all labors. But it costs more, for it takes much more time!

Mr. Ashbee spoke in praise of handicraft to the manager of the factory. The manager looked at him with a sweet and friendly smile, but half in mockery, and he said:

"My good sir, while you're niggling at one little teapot I'm turning out two hundred at a bang!"

Nevertheless, it is true that the world would be a more beautiful and homelike dwelling for us all if more of our work had in it more of our hands and hearts, even though, in mills and factories, a good

many articles might still be turned out "two hundred at a bang."

It was the wish of young Booker Washington's heart to enter Hampton Institute as a student, and take his place among other colored youths who climbed the ladder of learning and of the efficient life. So he set out on a tramp of many miles. At a hotel he was refused admission, and he slept in the open air. By helping to unload a cargo of pig-iron at Richmond, Virginia, he earned a little money which assisted him on the weary road; and he reached Hampton with only fifty cents in his pocket, and with a rich coating of the grime of travel all over him.

Miss Mary F. Mackie, the principal, looked at him with a question-mark in each of her kind eyes. Could she take him in? Was he a promising plant? Would he be a credit to the Institute? Should she give him a trial?

Yes, she would try his hands and his heart by a test of work.

"That recitation-room," she said, pointing, "needs sweeping. Here is a broom."

A broom was no strange tool in Booker Washington's hands. He swept the room three times. Everything in the room he dusted four times. Lest the dust should leave telltale tracks underneath or in nooks, he moved the furniture, and he attacked corners, and he cleared out closets.

Miss Mackie came to prove the work and the worker. She took a handkerchief and rubbed it on woodwork, on tables, on desks, and found no spot on the white linen. Then she passed sentence:

"I guess you'll do to enter this Institute."

Years afterward, Booker Washington thrilled as he thought of that moment, and he wrote in his *Up From Slavery:*

"I was one of the happiest souls on earth."

He had gained honor by his thoroughness. For whether the task is sweeping a room, or tunneling the Alps of Switzerland, or cutting the Panama Canal, or building a commonwealth, it is the glory of man to do work thoroughly.

Thoroughly and truly did Sir Christopher Wren lay stone upon stone in the noble cathedral of St. Paul's, which lifts its gold cross and its dome over the crowded streets of London. The visitor enters the vast church, and reads the words (in Latin) on the wall: "If you seek his monument, look around."

If you seek the gardener's monument, look around at the shrubs, the flower-beds, the creeping plants on the veranda.

If you seek the sailor's monument, look around at the docks and wharves laden with the goods he has brought from the far ends of the earth.

If you seek the mother's monument, look around

at her children, and in their health and happiness you see the work of her hands and heart.

Suppose you were to fit a marble exactly into a piece of tin tube, you would have a sphere inside a cylinder. Suppose you fitted larger spheres into larger cylinders. Just how much larger was the bulk or mass of the cylinder than the sphere that lay inside?

In the third century B.C. a most clever Greek, named Archimedes, studied this question, and he found the answer, which, however, we need not now pretend to understand. Many an hour and many a day of brainwork did it cost this famous Greek to puzzle out this problem in geometry, or the measuring science. So keen a mind had he for geometry, and so acute was his power for inventing machines, that when he died at the city of Syracuse, in the lovely island of Sicily, his friends placed a monument over his grave. Not a statue; not an urn; not a huge slab; but just a little column, or pillar, on the side of which, cut in stone, was some lettering that told how Archimedes discovered the secret of the cylinder and sphere.

A century and a half passed. Weeds and briers grew thick in the cemetery, and the short pillar was hidden and almost forgotten. Almost, but not quite. How good it was that one brave memory kept the old Greek scholar's work in its record! It was the memory of one of Rome's

most celebrated citizens, namely, the orator Cicero.

Cicero had been made *quæstor*, or treasurer, of Sicily. One day he thought of Archimedes and the service he had rendered to science. He resolved to search for the monument of the life and labor and clever work of the master of geometry.

The natives of the city knew nothing of the tomb. Men with scythes were with Cicero as he searched. At length, almost buried amid briers, he espied the humble column.

"This is what I seek!" he cried, with joy.

The scythes cut away the long grass and the thorns, and the monument of the great workman stood out clear in the sun.

THE QUEEN KISSED HIS HANDS

AN ancient Buddhist legend tells a tale of a rich merchant's son.

The merchant left an immense treasure at his death, and the son got it all.

Yes, but as you read on you will perhaps discover what it was the son did *not* possess.

The rich young man built a gay pavilion and spread the tables with delightful foods, and as he sat drinking with his many friends he and they watched the sports—women dancing and singing, men running and tumbling. The merchant's son went from city to city, and wherever he traveled he took care to have song, wine, and dance, and, of course, he paid and paid and paid.

He had the song, wine, and dance. What had he not?

When all the money was spent he wore rags.

Then the King of the Gods gave him a wonderful gift—namely, a wishing-cup made of earthenware, or crystal, or some such breakable substance.

He had the cup. What had he not?

"Take care," said the King of the Gods, "not

to break this cup, and your riches will always endure."

He wished, and riches came; he wished, and friends came—at least, people who seemed to be friends; he wished, and wine and dance and song came.

One day he drank himself foolish, and, in his folly, he flung the cup into the air and caught it, and laughed. Again he tossed the cup. Again he tossed the cup. Again he tossed . . . and missed!

The wishing-cup was broken. His fortune was broken. He was clad in rags. No friends crowded to him. He held a begging-bowl at the cottage doors. One day folk found the beggar dead, leaning against a wall by the wayside.

He had had riches; he had had the wishing-cup; he had never had a power within, never any uprightness, never any character.

It was different with Louis Grandpré, of Fort Baton Rouge, in Florida. In the year 1810 Florida belonged to Spain, but it was on the eve of union with the United States (1819), and troubles had arisen with the American settlers in the land of orange-trees and sunny shores.

The Americans attacked Fort Baton Rouge. The regular Spanish governor was absent, and he had left young Grandpré in his place.

"Surrender!" was the summons of the American attackers.

"No!"

What was at the back of this "No"?

Well, only Louis Grandpré and a score or two of old Spanish soldiers, most of them crippled.

"No!"

The gates were broken down. In leaped the besiegers.

One man met them, sword in hand; he alone—Grandpré. The score or two of old Spanish soldiers, most of them crippled, made no resistance.

Louis Grandpré, sword in hand, died; he alone.

This man knew how to stand alone, to stand upright, to live and die as one who had a heart, a will, a character, a manly soul. Honor to Grandpré!

No doubt you have heard of Giotto, the Italian painter; he had once been a boy goatherd, you know, and he became one of Italy's famous artists. He lived, and loved, and worked in the thirteenth century, dying in the fourteenth.

Observe, he *worked.*

One very hot day Giotto was painting, with quick, deft hand and eager brain; for genius paints with brains as well as brushes. A royal visitor, King Robert of Naples, had visited the artist's studio. King Robert puffed, and sank lazily in a chair.

"If I were you, Giotto," said Robert, the king, "I would leave off work and rest myself."

"And so would I if I were *you*," replied the painter, slyly.

But then he was not the King of Naples. He was a busy and eager spirit, rejoicing in the work of his hands, and meaning to count for something in the great world. He did count. In the twentieth century he still counts. He was a true man.

So was Peter Jeannin, a Frenchman of the sixteenth century. He was a young advocate, or lawyer, in Burgundy; rich in speech, clever in thought, he gave pleasure to those who listened to his pleadings in the court of justice.

A wealthy Burgundian happened to be present in court one day when Peter Jeannin was playing his lawyer's part, and judges, advocates, and public hung upon his words.

"Ah," said the wealthy Burgundian to himself, "this is the kind of man whom I would choose to marry my daughter. That is to say if . . . if . . . if . . . he has respectable means."

Which was another way of saying "plenty of dollars."

He was introduced to Jeannin, and had a conversation with him, and mentioned this important plan.

"May I ask you, Monsieur Jeannin, what estate you have?"

The young lawyer smiled. "Monsieur," he

answered, as he touched his head, "here is my estate; and here also," as he pointed to the books on his table, "is my estate."

Of money, however, he had small store. Of manliness, much.

The marriage did not take place.

The rich Burgundian is forgotten. Peter Jeannin's name is still honored as that of an upright man. He was one of those noble Catholics who would not join in persecuting the French Protestants in 1572. That year was the year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve in Paris. At that time a massacre of Protestants was enacted in the city of Dijon, where Jeannin lived. He would not take a hand in this deed of blood. He stood alone, courageous and honorable.

In the following century Isaac Jogues was born, in the famous French city of Orléans. Like so many others in the Old World—French, English, Spanish—he turned his thoughts to America. Isaac became a member of the order of Jesuits and of the Jesuit mission to Canada.

A few brethren of the Black Robe, as the Jesuits were called, traveled into the country of the Iroquois, carrying little but their crosses and their splendid hearts. Their desire was to teach the Christian faith. But the Indians understood not; they regarded these Frenchmen as evil companions of the other white men who had done so

much harm to the red men and their land. They seized Isaac Jogues, pulled out his finger-nails, bit his hands, dropped fiery coals on his skin, cut off his left thumb by hacking it with a clam shell, and made him run the gauntlet between two rows of cruel Iroquois warriors, and many were the wounds he received.

While this noble son of France suffered these woes four Huron Indians were brought as prisoners into the Iroquois camp. To Isaac's eye these were folk in need. He must speak to them of the Christian faith, hope, and charity. When they seemed to accept his teaching he baptized them, using for water the dewdrops that he gathered from some corn-husks in the field.

From the Iroqouis terror he at length escaped. Taking ship to England, he had a rough passage and rough fare; he slept on a coil of rope on deck.

Father Jogues passed over to France, and walked toward Paris. At dusk he halted at a wayside cottage. The peasants bade him welcome, gave him food, learned his sad story, and wept at the sight of his wounds. Next day he blessed them, and journeyed on.

From the wayside cottage he passed to the royal house in Paris. Father Jogues was a welcome guest also at the palace, and was invited to the presence of the queen, Anne of Austria.

When he entered her audience-chamber he

bowed low and was about to kiss her hand in the fashion of European courts, but Queen Anne bade him, "No."

She bent and kissed his hands. The queen bent and kissed the hands of a hero. The lady of the gilded court bent before the man of saintly character.

Jogues returned to Canada, and he was slain by the Iroquois.

Slain—yes. But naught could stay the nobleness of his soul; and naught can stay the memory of his greatness.

DEEDS DONE IN DARKNESS

HE went along in the rear of the United States army, and he grumbled. A nice style, indeed, to bring up the American rear!

"That's the way with generals," he grumbled, as he looked toward an officer who, seated under an oak-tree, was calmly and comfortably eating. "The general has taken good care of himself, and we poor soldiers may starve."

It was during the Creek War that this happened, and the United States army had gotten itself into a difficult place, and food ran short.

No! this unjust thing should not go without a brave voice raised against it. So, having made this little declaration of independence all to himself, the grumbling warrior marched up to General Andrew Jackson.

"General," he said, "I see you have provisions. Might I ask for a share?"

He was expecting, at least, a slice of turkey.

"Yes," said Jackson. "I never turn away the hungry."

With these words he held out a handful of—acorns!

"I will most cheerfully divide with you," added the general, "such food as I have."

Acorns!

Anyway, the grumbler had discovered something worth knowing. He had discovered that General Jackson was not eating the fat of the land while his army suffered the pangs of hunger.

It cheered the fellow's heart. He accepted his share of acorns, felt satisfied to think his superior officer took no unfair advantage, but bore the same hardships as his men; and the soldier—grumbler no more—tramped on with a cheerful heart.

Allow me to introduce to you again an old friend—Mr. Isaac Hopper, whom we met (when he was many years younger) in our chapter on "Punishment"—Isaac Hopper, the Quaker, of New Jersey.

He once saw a man cruelly ill-using a horse.

Isaac went up to the man.

"Dost thou know," he asked, "that some people think men change into animals when they die?"

That is true. Certain people in Asia do hold such a belief. But the idea was quite new to the owner of the horse, and he looked surprised.

"I don't know anybody," he answered, "who thinks so."

"Oh yes," said Isaac, "some folks do. Now, neighbor, let us suppose: if thou shouldst ever be

a horse in the years to come, and if that horse should become a man with a temper like thine, and if thou shouldst be that man's horse, the chance is that thou wilt get a cruel beating."

Just so! If man and horse should change places!

Such a thought had not struck the owner before. Here was the Golden Rule for man and horse: *Do to others as you would that they should do unto you.*

Mr. Hopper and his neighbor had a friendly chat about men, and horses, and Golden Rules; and the end of it was that the horse had a better master and a better time.

In the slavery days, a young man, afterward well known as General R. Brinkerhoff, visited the Hermitage, Tennessee, where lived General Andrew Jackson.[1] Walking about the plantations, he met a negro, overseer of the slaves on the estate. The colored man's name was Alfred.

They chatted, and Mr. Brinkerhoff let Alfred talk as he pleased.

"Ah," said Alfred, in a miserable tone, "you white folks have an easy life."

"Why do you think so?"

"You have liberty. You can go and come as you choose."

"But, Alfred, you have a kind master."

"Yes, Massa Andrew is álways very kind."

[1] President of the United States; died 1845.

"You have a wife and children and a home."

"Yes, but who knows what will become of us if Massa Andrew dies?"

"Well," said Mr. Brinkerhoff, "you know freedom has its burdens. The free master has many heavy duties to perform, and—"

Alfred asked a quiet question:

"Sir, how would *you* like to be a slave?"

Ah, the question drove straight to the mark. When General Brinkerhoff wrote the memoir of his life in 1900, he recorded his talk with the colored overseer, and Alfred's home thrust, "How would *you* . . ."

One of the most famous warriors in history was the Emperor Baber, Lord of Hindustan (northern India), in the early part of the sixteenth century.

In a very severe winter season he led his valiant troops over the Afghan hills to the city of Cabul, and a dreadful task it was for men and horses, private soldiers and Emperor. During one whole week the army only advanced three miles, so deep was the snow in the mountain gorges and so terrible the blizzard. Ten or fifteen men would lead the way, pressing down the breast-high snow. Horses were driven backward and forward in order that their hoofs might trample a path for the Emperor and his host.

A furious tempest raged as Baber and his soldiers arrived at the entrance of the Zirrin Pass.

A cave was found which was likely to offer shelter, at least, for the Emperor and his captains.

Baber took a hoe, and beat the snow down flat, in a space as large as a prayer-carpet, such as Mohammedans kneel upon at prayer.

The Emperor was a follower of Islam, the religion of the Prophet Mohammed.

He knelt at the mouth of the cave and repeated his noonday prayer.

As he rose his men urged him to take refuge from the storm.

"No," he replied. "Why should I lie in ease and shelter while my men shiver in the snowdrifts?"

The Emperor Baber sat down on the snow. His hardy warriors sat with him, and the Lord of India shared the cold and comfortless couch of snow with the humblest of his soldiers. There he sat till the call to evening prayer was heard, and then he entered the cave, taking with him as many of his followers as the hollow place would hold.

This was an emperor indeed. Better still, this was a man! It was no marvel that his warriors loved him and, if need be, would die the death for him, for he shared their burdens and their pains.

The hill of Zion, whereon the glorious Temple of the Hebrew nation was afterward built, was in far-back days open farm-land plowed by oxen, sown by the seed-sower, and yellow with golden grain in days of harvest.

An ancient tale tells how, on this famous hill, strange deeds were done in the darkness of three nights.

Of two Hebrew brothers, one lived alone, the other was married, and had a large family to care for and nourish. The brothers were reapers on the fields of Zion.

The elder—the married man—said to himself, as he plied the sickle under the bright sky of Palestine:

"My brother is lonely; he cannot reap as much as he needs, for he has no sons to aid him. To-night I will carry a sheaf of corn to his side of the field, and add it to his shock."

The younger brother whispered to himself:

"My brother has heavy burdens to bear. In the darkness of the night I will add a sheaf to his store."

While men slept and the white stars gleamed over the sleeping land the brothers did these deeds in the dark. In the morning each was much amazed to find his corn the same in bulk as before!

The same generous thoughts moved their souls again and, in the gloom of the second night, they stole like thieves across the field of Zion and gave their gifts in loving-kindness. On the second morning their surprise was greater than before.

On the third night, when clouds were thick, and all the land was wrapped in blackness, these two

men crept forth, carrying sheaves, and trod stealthily and cunningly, and behold! they met each other; and, even in the dark, they knew each other, sons of the same good Jewish mother.

They fell upon each other's necks, and wept for joy.

Such kindness is the most beautiful of temples; and on what better spot could the wondrous Temple of the Jewish people be raised?

For this was the sacred place where man loved his fellow-man.

MANNERS

THOUGH the word "Manners" stands proudly at the head of this chapter, I am not going to talk about the following forms of speech: "Please," "I beg pardon," "Pray sit down," "Kindly let me pass," "Thank you," "Welcome," "Allow me," "I am much obliged."

These are excellent words and phrases for every-day use. But I wish to tell you how angry a certain French officer was.

It was in the early years of the eighteenth century, when war was being waged in Holland by the King of France. A French officer was sent to hire fighting-men wherever he could find them, and, among other places, he chose Scotland. The Scottish mountaineers, or Highlanders, made splendid soldiers.

He was riding over the rocky hills when he saw a very strange sight.

A strong Highlander, whose feet were shod in brogues (that is, stout, coarse boots), strode along the mountain path, and in his brogues, plaid, and bonnet (woolen cap) he appeared very comfortable.

Behind him marched his wife, barefooted.

The Frenchman was very angry to think that the man should wear the boots and that the woman should go barefooted over the stony way.

He leaped from his horse and hailed the unmannerly Scot. "Monsieur," he cried, "you must let madame wear the boots."

The Highlander stared.

"Monsieur," said the Frenchman, "it is not gallant to let a lady walk with bare feet while you walk in shoes. Take off your boots, monsieur. I insist."

The officer glared fiercely. The Scotsman obeyed. The Scotswoman put on the boots. The couple marched on. The Frenchman watched them as they climbed the rough track. He smiled. It was well.

In this case France understood good manners better than Scotland.

The celebrated Russian writer, Count Leo Tolstoi, visited the fortress-city of Sebastopol in the year 1901. More than fifty years previously he had fought here as an artilleryman against the English and French besiegers. But he was now a man of peace and good-will to all mankind, and he had come to gaze again at the city of his adventures.

Though he was an aristocrat, Tolstoi dressed very simply, and his rough peasant's blouse would

have led no one to think he was a man of high rank.

As he walked along a terrace he asked a young man the name of a place on the shore below. Glancing at the coarse blouse, the young Russian answered in a tone of contempt.

Just then Countess Tolstoi drove up in a carriage, and the young man was amazed to see the shabby stranger get in and ride away.

"Who is that?" he asked of a gentleman standing near, who happened to be a friend of Tolstoi.

"That is Count Tolstoi."

"What! Tolstoi the writer? Is that so?" He flung his cap into the road and said in vexation: "I would have given all I possess to have conversed with him. But in what a style I replied to his question!"

You may say the young man did well to express sorrow. But the weak point in his behavior was not that he spoke rudely to Count Tolstoi, the famous author, but that he spoke rudely to a man whom he took to be a humble peasant. No doubt he spoke nicely to his friends at home—"Please," "Thank you," "Allow me," "I am very pleased to meet you," and all the rest. But . . .

A very courteous gentleman was old Dr. R. Owen, who once took the chair at a lecture given to students by Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, California.

Dr. Owen was then eighty years old and exceedingly deaf. Not one word of Dr. Jordan's lecture did he hear. But every now and again he nodded his head kindly and applauded what the lecturer said.

Now, how could he tell when Dr. Jordan said anything wise or witty that called for a clap of the hands or a word of cheer? He watched the young students. When he saw them applaud he applauded, so that he might not appear inattentive to what was going on. I think the smile on that aged face must have been beautiful. This was a true gentleman.

Another American gentleman was John Wellborn Root. Mr. Root was born in the little town of Lumpkin, in Georgia, in 1850. The city of Chicago remembers him to-day as a clever architect, for many of the fine buildings in that vast Illinois city were planned by his artist brain and sketched by his pencil before ever a stone of them was laid. These are Root's noble monuments.

His firm, of course, had an office, and in rooms connected with it various workmen were employed.

From time to time Mr. Root needed to confer with a workman, and he would go down to the workshop and say his say in a pleasant, kindly manner that made the men love him.

After a while the business had extended and the firm moved into a new office, and a set of electric

signals was installed in his room so that he could call up any workman whom he wished to see. A wire ran from the new office to the new workshop. But he never used this device. As in olden days, he walked down to the shop and talked of business and of plans.

A visitor noticed this and asked the reason.

"Oh," said this American gentleman, "I've cut the wire. I didn't want to get into the nasty habit."

He meant the "nasty habit" of treating his work-folk as if they were parts of a machine, to be called into action by the motion of a signal. We need not suppose Mr. Root would have blamed other men who used such electric devices. But, for his own part, he disliked it. He did not mind the trouble of walking to his men, just as they walked to him.

You will observe that the French officer taught the Highlander good manners toward a woman; that the young Russian (let us hope) learned a lesson of good manners to a peasant; that Dr. Owen showed good manners to a lecturer whose words he could not hear; that Mr. Root practised good manners to the workmen in his employ. But what shall we say if an enemy confronts us? No doubt, in the moment of battle, the business is to fight. But when the enemy is in our power, helpless to resist, what then?

MANNERS

Different men act in different ways. Let me tell you what Major Marter, an officer in the British army, did to a defeated foe.

In the years 1879–80 took place the Zulu war in South Africa. One night a swarm of eighteen thousand brown-skinned Zulus, carrying shields and assegais (spears) fell upon the camp of the British soldiers at Isandula and slew eight hundred men. A few escaped to a station called Rorke's Drift, where, on the night after the great disaster, eighty men withstood the attack of four thousand Zulus and beat off the savage host.

Not till July, 1880, did the Zulu power fall in a swift, decisive battle.

The king of the Zulus was a tall and proud-spirited man named Cetewayo. Never, if he could help it, would he surrender to the British. He and a few followers fled across the mountains to a dense forest. Thither he was followed by the pursuing enemy.

The king took refuge inside a native inclosure within a fence. A number of kraals, or huts, stood inside this corral. The officer in charge of the pursuit—Major Marter—paused at the gate, knowing that Cetewayo was hidden in a hut just opposite.

"King!" he cried, "I call on you in the name of the great White Queen (Victoria) to surrender!"

His hour had come. The Zulu chief stepped out

and stood perfectly still. So commanding was his stature, so royal did he look, that Major Marter raised his hand to his helmet and gave the defeated foe a military salute.

He gave honor, as a gentleman should, even to a vanquished enemy.

MOTHER AND FATHER

MOTHERS in India are among the best in the world. Many are the wonders of that land of elephants and temples; but no wonder there, or elsewhere, is greater than that of the mother's care and tenderness. I have sat at an Indian maharajah's table and I saw the lady of the palace look in love at her son. I have watched the village mother, whose robe was a *sari*, or overhead shawl, of poor cotton, and the look in her eyes was the same as the princess's when she turned toward her child.

Marvelous are the mother's hands and eyes. A judge in India tried a case of burglary, and a quilt—a very common sort of quilt—lay before him; and a woman who claimed it was called upon to prove her claim. She went round the edge of it till she came to a place where once had been a tear, and she pointed to the mark of her careful sewing and mending. And are not such marks to be seen all over the homes of all the world?

Another judge wished to know if certain brass

water-pots belonged to a house-mother. These pots are carried on women's heads along the highways of village or city, and there is no prettier sight on earth than a Hindu woman bearing her water-vessel.

"These pots are mine," she said, as she pointed.

He doubted her word.

"Well," she said, "blindfold me, and I will let you test me."

The pots were mixed with others. Blindfold, she felt one, another, another, another, and so on, and by the small dents and other familiar tokens she picked out the vessels which, year after year, she had borne in her modest and loving household service.

A word next for father.

A German poet, F. Gaudy, gives us a picture, in verse, of a chamber in which a father lies dying. The windows are curtained so as to shut out the noisy world. A lamp throws a dim ray on the pale brow of the sick man. His children surround his bed. They press one another's hands in sorrow both for him and for themselves. Still and peaceful is the chamber.

Hark! a sound in the street!

A band of people march in joy and triumph, and they sing as they march; they sing a song which tells of the happiness of many hearts; they sing a

song whose music is known in all the cities of the Fatherland.

The father opens his eyes slowly and a gleam of delight shines in them as he listens. Then he says, "They sing my son's song!"

His son is a great musician whose genius makes melody for a nation.

The father rests his head on the pillow. He is calm. He has died in joy.

This also may be seen all over the wide world—the pride of fathers in the work and victories of their children.

The love and labor of mothers, the love and labor of fathers, the pride of parents in their children, these are the glories of mankind.

Yet Willie wanted to run away from home. I mean William Pryor Letchworth, who was born at Brownsville, New York, in 1823, and died in 1910, much honored for his noble efforts to help sick folk and children. He was about twelve or thirteen years of age when the idea took hold of him. He had read of heroes who had run away from home, and why should not he? Of course they were heroes for some other exploit; not for running away from loving friends; but William had not stopped to think that out.

He told a boy friend of his intention, and this dear friend went and told Willie's parents!

Mr. Letchworth did not upbraid the boy. In

his old-fashioned Quaker style of speech he said: "Willie, it is understood that thee intendest to leave us. I am sorry about it. We all think a great deal of thee. But, nevertheless, we will conform with thy wishes."

The would-be runaway listened in silence. He had not expected this kind of treatment.

"One thing troubles us," continued Mr. Letchworth, "and that is, thy leaving in the night without saying good-by. Thy mother . . ."

The boy glanced at his mother.

"Thy mother has been knitting a new pair of stockings for thee. And thy brothers and sisters would like to make thee some little presents."

Not a word said William. Shame filled his soul. From such a circle of kind hearts he had resolved to flee. He stayed; he learned; he labored; he served; and his memory is kept sacred.

David Crockett, a Tennessee lad, was somewhat older than William at the time he first steps on our little story-stage. He was nearly fifteen. After an absence from home he returned and was told by his father:

"David, you are a strong lad, and you can help me. I owe Abraham Wilson, the farmer, thirty-six dollars. He has a note which I signed for the loan. Work for Wilson till your wages pay the debt off and I will then reckon you a man, as if you were of full age."

David toiled, and never missed a working-day during all the half-year, though he was often invited to join parties of settlers who gambled and drank and made the air ring with their jollity. His reward came when the father's eyes glowed with pleasure at receiving the "note" from David's hands.

He was now a "man."

The newly made "man" went to work for John Candy, a Quaker, and he happened to discover that Candy also held a "note" signed by his father. This debt amounted to forty dollars.

Oh, but David was of age, he was a man, he could go his own way, surely!

Well, the "man" determined to get that "note" back. He made a contract with Mr. Candy to work six months for the debt. At the end of that period he received the precious paper, borrowed one of his master's horses, and galloped home; and never a cowboy of the wild West enjoyed a finer ride, for David pictured his father's face when hearing the debt was canceled.

He kept quiet on the subject for a time as he sat with his parents. Then he produced the "note." The father's face turned gloomy.

"David, my son, I have no money to pay it. What shall I do?"

All was explained. The paper was a gift which might now be burned on the hearth in triumph.

Tears wetted the father's cheeks, tears of relief at the ending of the debt, tears of pride in his son's generous action. This David Crockett was to become a notable frontiersman. He died in Texas in 1836.

Let me close, as I began, with a Hindu mother. This is an incident told in Miss Margaret Noble's lovely volume of *The Web of Indian Life.*

She tells of a Hindu lady who, like so many millions of women in that Eastern land, had never learned to read or write. You should not, however, suppose that the Hindu women have no store of good thoughts. They all of them know the grand legends of their native land, such as the tale of the heroic Prince Rama and his pure and courageous wife, Sita; and to know fine poetry is to have a very beautiful part of education. However, as I said, this lady could not read or write.

Her little six-year-old boy went to the village school and learned his alphabet and was soon able to write words with slate and pencil. When grown to manhood he was known far and wide as a wise judge in the Indian law-courts.

The mother wished ever so much that she could join in her son's study. She longed to read as he did, and write as he did. She was too shy to ask her husband to teach her. She asked her son.

He used to go through the lessons with her after

he came home from school. Their two brown faces bent over book and slate; their two tongues spelled the words; their two faces smiled in mutual love; their two hearts beat in the friendship of mother and son.

THE MAGIC STONE

IN one of Dr. G. Stanley Hall's books about young people he recites the account of a magic stone at Chicago.

It belonged to a girl of ten. She had come from somewhere in the Eastern States, and parted from her friend Nellie. Just before they said farewell the friends had walked arm in arm and talked of things past, present, and future. An idea occurred to them. Each picked up a stone. Each girl gave her stone to her companion. Each stone suddenly became magical. Each girl promised to treat the stone as if it were the living token of her absent friend. Each stone would listen to what the friend said. Each girl would tell her thoughts to her stony friend. Then the maidens said good-by.

Now, I have visited Chicago several times, but when I rode in a trolley-car up and down Halsted Street or saw the cattle taken to the enormous stock-yards I never thought that this big city could be a home of magic. But so it was. I suppose the Chicago girl would whisper to her stone:

"Nellie, I think of you wherever you are—Boston, Albany, Philadelphia, I know not—and I feel glad in my studies and housework, and extra glad at my dance-party, and all because I am sure you think of me. My stone tells me so."

Such comfort did the stones yield to each girl. Ten years afterward each young woman cherished the magic stone of friendship.

Wondrous stones, more precious than amethyst and more lovely than the diamond; would that every breast in the world could wear these fair adornments, and no human soul be without a friend in deed and in need!

Of course it is not true that diamonds shine in the darkness, though the book of the *Arabian Nights* says they do. But the magic stone of friendship shone very beautifully one dark night for Braxton Craven in Virginia. In later years Braxton was well known as a minister, and he would often relate the incident of the light of friendship.

His father was a farmer and lumberman and had sent the boy with a wagon-load of lumber to a neighbor some miles distant. A heavy rainstorm delayed his return till late at night, and the stars gave no gleam. In the thick gloom Braxton drove his horses carefully down-hill to the creek on which his father's mill stood. The creek had to be crossed by a narrow bridge, only just wide

enough for the wagon, and not too easy to traverse by day, let alone by night.

Braxton trembled on the brink. Above, the dark sky; below, the dark stream.

While he paused in doubt and fear a light appeared on the hill beyond the creek. It glowed starlike. It descended the slope. It came toward the creek. Soon Braxton could see that it was a pine-wood torch, and by its glare he saw the face of his friend and playmate. Knowing that Braxton had been delayed and remembering that he must needs cross the dangerous and narrow way on his return, the brave lad had run down, bearing the torch, and thus the crossing was safely made.

Many a time in after-life Dr. Craven would speak with grateful memory of this kindly act of friendship.

An even more strenuous friend was James G. Birney, a boy from Danville, Kentucky, where he was born in 1792. He came home from school at the holidays in his thirteenth year. It was summer. James went off with two other boys—one of them his own cousin—to swim in a pool. The water was deep. At one spot, in order to help swimmers, a wooden stage had been fixed in the bed, giving foothold to any who wished to rest awhile. The stage was below the surface of the water, but its position could be seen by means of a float attached to it.

The cousin, who was a poor swimmer, dived in, and the two companions watched his progress, and called out to him. Presently he was observed to be in difficulties.

James Birney was a good swimmer. He plunged in to his cousin's assistance without a moment's delay. The cousin seized him in desperation. Down both boys went.

"Save yourself, James!" shrieked the boy on the shore.

He did save himself. With a hard struggle he got himself from his cousin's clasp and placed the shivering boy on the wooden stage, where, with head well above the water, he was safe for the while. Then James struck out for the bank and sat down.

This looked like forsaking his cousin. But he had a quite good reason for the action. He had nearly been drowned; he needed to take rest and recover strength. James had common sense as well as courage.

Before long he felt refreshed. Again he plunged. Again he reached the float and the stage and the trembling cousin. Showing the boy how to hold an arm across the swimmer's back so as to float the more easily, James bore his burden back to shore in triumph.

The three boys went home, and the family eagerly listened to the tale of adventure and peril. James said, quietly:

"It never entered my thought to leave him."

A friend in truth! Not only, you see, he helped his friend in the time of danger, but it never even entered his thought to leave him. A lad with such generous thoughts was certain to make good. Birney was in his manhood esteemed as a worthy man and citizen.

What is a friend? I turn to the dictionary and I find the term means "one loving, or attached to, another." But why love, and why attached? Will it be wise to become attached to anybody who happens to come our road? You would not care for a friend who made you limp!

What made me say "limp" was the following old Buddhist legend:

In the days of Sama the Black, King of Benares, in India, one of the beautiful royal horses was found to be lame. He had a most curious awkward motion in one of his legs.

When the king heard of this mishap he sent skilled horse-surgeons to the royal stables to examine the animal and report.

They reported that the horse was sound in wind and limb. He was not truly lame, but he limped. They could not tell why.

King Sama the Black despatched a sage to the stables. The wise man returned and said:

"Sir, I have discovered why your horse limps."

"Why?"

"He has a companion who limps."

"Who is that?"

"His groom, who walks lame. The horse has imitated him."

"Get another groom," said the king.

It was not long before the horse walked fair and straight and evenly.

When I notice a boy whose speech is coarse and whose bearing is unmanly and who has caught these poor tricks of manner from his so-called friends, I say to myself, "He limps, and I know why he limps."

But it is not of false friends I wish to talk. The Magic Stone has no message for them or from them.

The German poet, Lenau (born 1802, died 1850), wrote a poem on "The Postilion." In the old days of the stage-coach a post-boy would ride on one of the front horses and from time to time sound his horn, and the strain would echo over valley and hill.

A traveler journeyed by coach along a country road, and the moonlight "o'er the dark her silver mantle threw." The coach passed a lonely church and churchyard at the foot of a hill, and here the postilion reined in the horses.

"Why stop?" asked the traveler.

"Sir," said the postilion, "I must keep the custom in honor of my comrade who sleeps in

yonder graveyard. He loved the blast of the horn, and, to my friend, as I pass here every night, I repeat the familiar tune."

He blew, sweet and clear, some notes of a simple old tune, and a gentle echo came back from the hillside and the forest.

The horses started again, the coach rattled along the highroad. But the traveler still fancied that he heard the echo of the melody that friend sounded to friend. The friendship was not dead, and the Magic Stone still whispered.

THE ANIMAL WORLD

THE Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, who has written a charming work on *The Place of Animals in Human Thought*, relates how an Englishman paid a visit to a Hindu saint, or hermit, who dwelt in a cave with a swarm of rats for companions. When he hesitated to enter the hermit inquired the reason.

"Why don't you kill these rats?" asked the Englishman.

"Why should I?" returned the hermit.

"In my country we kill them," said the Englishman.

"In my country we don't," said the hermit.

And there the man of the East and the man of the West had to leave the difficult question of how mankind ought to treat the animal world.

While staying a few days at the ancient city in Surat in India in 1913 I went to see the famous Panjrapole, or Place of Cages, a refuge for sick or forsaken animals, maintained by the religious sect known as the Jains. Sick cows and horses were tenderly cared for; indeed, a home is given

to any animal whatever that is brought to this institute of mercy. If a deadly cobra appears in a Jain's garden he will never slay it. He attracts it into a silver vessel containing milk and then quietly conveys it some distance away and lets it go. A Jain monk will carry a soft cotton brush with him with which to sweep the ground on which he is about to lie, lest he might crush any small creature by his weight. As you would expect, the Jains, like many millions of other inhabitants of India, are vegetarian in their diet.

You are, of course, aware that in Europe and America a considerable number of people refrain from flesh-eating. These facts remind you that all the human world is not agreed on the right manner of treating the animal world, and it is your duty to reflect on these questions for yourselves. You must not, for instance, believe all the marvelous tales you read about animals. How often folks have listened, open-mouthed, to accounts of travelers who said that in the West the prairie-dog, the owl, and the rattlesnake dwell together peacefully in the dog's burrow! Well, the owl may, indeed, take possession of an empty burrow from which the dog has departed; and as to the rattlesnake, Mr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, declares that owls are not chummy with rattlesnakes. Mr. A. E. Brown, of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, tried the experi-

ment of putting owls and prairie-dogs together, and the dogs tore the owls to pieces.

Mr. Hornaday, in his most interesting volume on *American Natural History*, says that some years ago the San Francisco fishermen made loud complaints against the Californian sea-lions, which, so they affirmed, ate good fish and damaged the nets in trying to get them. A slaughter of sea-lions was ordered. Professor Dyche, of Kansas, was curious to discover the truth of the accusation against the wicked sea-lions; he opened the stomachs of twenty of the slaughtered seals and found no good fish such as human beings care for, but plenty of squids. Look at a picture of a squid and judge whether you would eat one. The Californian sea-lions, like a great many other animals, had been unjustly accused.

Nobody, except Jains, would object to killing the one-celled creatures which the learned call Protozoa, and some of which cause deadly diseases. These microbes, lurking in the bodies of mosquitoes, are carried into human bodies by the mosquito's bite, and the bitten person may fall sick of malaria or yellow fever. That is why all over the globe the warriors of health (I mean sanitarians) seek to kill certain species of mosquito and their larvæ and eggs. Such warriors are Sir Ronald Ross in England, Colonel Gorgas in the Panama Zone, and Dr. Cruz of Rio. A like war is waged

against the tsetse-fly which harbors microbes that cause the sleeping-sickness of South Africa, and against the tick which produces the "Texas fever" in cattle, and against the house-fly which conveys sickness and death from the manure-heap, the dust-bin, the waste-barrel, and the stable to human food and so to human bodies.

Nearly everybody will assent to the killing of poisonous snakes and alligators and crocodiles, but we need not, therefore, condemn to torture or death other reptiles which are harmless, such as the turtle (whose back of tortoise-shell gave Apollo the frame for his musical lyre), the frog, the toad. Go to your poetry-book and find, in French or in translation, Victor Hugo's noble poem of "The Toad."

When we arrive at the kingdom or republic of the birds there are a thousand things to say, and only one or two can be said. Let us allow that some birds of prey, some (but not all) of the hawks, for example, are disagreeable and may be shot without anybody grieving. But of the vast majority of birds it may be asserted that they are a glory to mountain, or forest, or field, or river-side, or the great sea, and many are the friends of mankind. They devour the insects which injure the crops of the farmer, the fruit-growers' harvest, the foresters' trees. For our public museums no doubt it is well to kill and stuff birds, and to

gather eggs, and label them, and set them out in scientific order, but I agree with the bird-lovers who think it an ugly waste for boys to collect eggs and for boys or men to shoot birds for "sport." The famous Charles Darwin shot a bird for sport, watched its dying struggles, and never again, for mere amusement, slew one of the feathered innocents. When the United States government forbade the sale of "aigrettes," or plumes of the snowy heron, what did this mean? It meant that the conscience of America hated the thought of these beautiful dwellers by the mountain brooks being pierced by the hunters' bullets in order that the superb white feathers might adorn the hats of women. It is the same kind of hatred which leads people to loathe the sight of "lark pie," for it was to the lark that Shelley said in his poet's joy:

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and
Soaring ever singest.

It is said that rats cause a loss to property in the United States to the amount of fifteen million dollars yearly; and most people, except Jains, will vote for the death of rats. We must sign the death-warrant of these troublesome rodents, and of the millions of Australian rabbits that nibble

and ruin the farmers' crops, and of the man-eating tigers of the Indian jungle, and of many another creature which threatens destruction to man or man's food and furniture. But such slaying of hurtful animals is very different from the worrying and stabbing of bulls in the bull-fight arenas of Spain. It is curious to hear that the Spanish bull-fighters despise the British hunters of the runaway fox, and I believe some fox-hunters despise the "sport" of coursing, in which men delight to see two big hounds pursue one timid little hare. Very likely some bull-fighters and some fox-hunters and some patrons of coursing subscribe money to societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, for they probably regard the torture of a cat or a dog as wanton cruelty, even while they tell themselves they are not acting cruelly in their own favorite "sport."

I have read somewhere that, in the oil country of Ohio, the red Indians found out, through watching animals go to certain lakes, that water containing petroleum had healing virtue. I have also read that the Indians first crossed the Rocky Mountains along tracks worn by the feet of herds of animals on the march. These things are tokens of the immense debt which mankind owes to the animal world. What a vast bill might the animal world present to man, showing the debts he owes to the creatures he has tamed and domesticated!

A debt to the bees, a debt to the birds, a debt to the cattle, sheep, llama, horse, ass, pig, cat, dog, goat, camel, elephant. Have you ever looked at a picture of the old Greek god, Orpheus, playing on his lyre in the forest, and charming the beasts that assemble around about him? I would like, if I were an artist, to paint man surrounded by the grand army of the animals who have served him in their life, and even in their death, ever since he made his home in a cave of the Stone Age. I will tell you, in a whisper, that this proud "Lord of Creation" would have been a poor creature without their help.

Hence, I like the custom of the folk in the island of Corsica. Once a year they follow a priest up the hills, where the flocks are led for summer pasture; and after the priest has recited Mass, he lifts his hands, and solemnly blesses the animals, and prays that they may prosper.

Likewise, when one has heard of deeds of cruelty done to our animal helpers, it is a happy relief to open the legend-book of St. Francis of Assisi, and learn how, in the Italian valley, he preached a most kindly sermon to the birds, and—

Whenas Saint Francis spake these words to them, those birds began all of them to open their beaks, and reverently bend their heads down to the ground, and by their acts and by their songs to show that the holy Father gave them joy exceeding great. And Saint Francis rejoiced with them,

and was glad, and marvelled much at so great a company of birds, and their most beautiful diversity, and their good heed and sweet friendliness.

Now, if the animals could write stories and tell of the "sweet friendliness" which man shows to them. . . .

THE SILK HANDKERCHIEF

"WHAT can they have better than pork and beans?"

"Yes, pork and beans," answered the committee of ladies in chorus.

The committee sat at a table in Chicago, a few weeks before Christmas, and the late Mr. Jacob A. Riis (a fine man he was) was advising them as to what to do for the poor children of the city.

But there was a Christmas puzzle to be solved. One of the children, a little girl named Molly, did not want pork and beans. She wanted a pair of red shoes.

Strange! Red shoes, rather than appetizing pork and beans!

Yes, Molly's dream pictured herself standing, walking, running, jumping, sitting, all glorious in red shoes. No other color would do. Why, surely all the world would rejoice to see her pretty shoes. Anyway, she would be ever so happy to see herself in them.

The committee of ladies and Mr. Riis agreed. After all, if you wish to make people happy with

a gift, is it not well, so far as you can, to give them what makes *them* happy, and not just *you* happy? That seems common sense, does it not?

One of the regrets of my life is that I was not able to see Molly in her red shoes. I have beheld Washington's monument in front of the White House, and it was great; but I should have loved to see the light in Molly's eyes—as the poet Wordsworth says—"A light that never was on sea or land."

Some years ago, in a rural district of New England, Mr. Foss traveled on foot along a dusty road that led over a hill-top. A little, unpainted house stood at the crest, and a sign-post pointed to a pathway, with the words "Come in, and have a cool drink." Mr. Foss followed the path to a delightful spring. A barrel caught the falling water, and a dipper hung near. Eagerly the wayfarer quenched his thirst. Then he observed a basket of apples on a bench, and a placard placed over the basket said the welcome words, "Help yourself." He helped himself.

Calling at the house, he found but two inmates, an elderly farmer and his wife, who toiled hard on the rocky upland to extract a living from field, meadow, and orchard. Too poor to give rich donations to associated charities and relief funds, they yet gave what they could—the cup of cold water, and fruit in its season, plum, or apple, and

the rest. Neither in New England nor old England could gifts be given with a nobler spirit. It was this incident which inspired Mr. Foss to write his well-known poem on "The House by the Side of the Road." The road is the big world we live in, and it is our part not to look from our windows as scorners or snarling cynics, but as helpers and co-operators. So the poet sang—

> Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
> Where the race of men go by:
> The men who are good and the men who are bad,
> As good and as bad as I.
> I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
> Or hurl the cynic's ban;
> Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
> And be a friend to man.

I beg the young reader to hunt up this poem and read the other verses.

I have just spoken of the spirit in which gifts are bestowed. Observe the spirit in which this old lady bestowed gifts.

She was insane. Sister Dora (the famous nurse of whom we heard in our chapter on "Punishment") was in charge of the poor creature, and watched her day and night. The patient took a mighty liking to Sister Dora, and one night when all was still she jumped out of bed and dragged from a hiding-place a box of jewels, and presented them as a gift of loving-kindness to her nurse.

"No; thank you very much," was the answer.

This response not only surprised the old lady, it angered her, and she abused the Sister in exceedingly strong language!

Next night Sister Dora sat at the window, gazing at the starlit heaven. A glittering knife was all of a sudden waved over her head! The patient was threatening the nurse who refused the gift of precious jewels!

Dora remained quiet, for her self-control was one of her great qualities, and the old lady was "bluffed" into better manners.

"I only wanted," she said, in an agreeable voice, "to see if I could frighten you."

Again she offered the jewels.

Sister Dora thought it best to receive the present, much to the patient's delight; but next day she took care to hand over the jewels to the old lady's relatives. This went on till all the jewels were given, and received, and duly passed on to the patient's family; and everybody was pleased.

You scarcely need telling that not every nurse would have acted as Dora Pattison did; but just ask yourself the questions: "Was she right in refusing the gifts? Were the gifts really *given?* Certainly, they were handed over; but were they given with intelligence?"

Judge Lyman, of Northampton, Massachusetts, was not very well off in the winter of 1833, but his

heart was generous, and his purse obeyed his heart. When his beloved daughter Anne was about to leave home for the winter season, he gave her ten gold five-dollar pieces. Ever so pleased was Anne Lyman with the gift, and yet she knew it was money which her father could ill spare. She took it all, however, for it would have pained him if she had declined.

When the sunny hours of springtime returned, the judge went to fetch his daughter home. As they journeyed in the coach, and chatted, Anne paused, put her hand in her bosom, and produced a beautifully worked silk purse, glittering with steel beads.

"I made this for you, father," she said, simply.

The judge admired it and opened it. Ten gold five-dollar pieces lay within. They were the exact coins he had given her several months previously. Anne smiled and explained.

"Father, thank you for the money. I was glad to have it. It made me feel ready for anything that might happen—any emergency, you know. But I managed without it. I want you to take it back."

Splendid was the spirit that gave, splendid was the spirit that gave back. The gift, given in fatherly love, had been returned by a daughter's thoughtfulness.

The row of gifts on our story-table—the red

shoes, the cup of water, the apples, the sparkling jewels, the ten gold pieces—must now have a last item added before the curtain drops on our little play.

This is a silk handkerchief.

It belonged to Cardinal Newman (born in London, 1801; died 1890), one of the purest and noblest priests of the Roman Catholic Church in England.

About the year 1860 a poor-looking man, a stranger, called at Newman's door and left a silk handkerchief, with a message. The message said that the giver of the gift had a deep respect and love for the work and teaching of Mr. Newman (he was not cardinal then), and would like to present him with this token of esteem. Very humble was the gift, and very gracious and graceful was the spirit of the giver. At that time Mr. Newman was rather poor, and certain great church-folk looked on him with scorn. He greatly valued this little keepsake, and cherished it as a memorial of a soul's affection.

In 1890 he took to his bed, expecting the death which came. The Cardinal asked that the silk handkerchief might be brought to him.

"It can be of small use or comfort to him," said the doctors.

They were wrong. It was the joy of his heart to wear, in his last moments, this gift of sincerity.

THE SILK HANDKERCHIEF

For thirty years it had reminded him that the most precious thing in the world is love. Newman died with the handkerchief resting on his neck.

The poet Dante has an immortal word to say of love. It is love, he says—

> That moves the sun in heaven, and all the stars.

THAT WILL PAY ME

A VERY handsome team drove up, one evening, to the door of the Rev. Richard Cordley, a Congregational minister, at Lawrence, Kansas. The date was about 1858, when Congregational churches were not so numerous in Kansas as they are to-day.

The carriage contained a pastor and a wealthy layman of his church. They were traveling through the state, visiting the churches to see how ministers and congregations fared; and when Mr. and Mrs. Cordley appeared on the veranda, the two travelers greeted their friends and asked if they might stay the night.

The Cordleys were happy to give hospitality to the two gentlemen. Evening passed in merry chat, the restful night followed, the morning broke, breakfast was prepared and partaken, and the hour came for good-by.

"Farewell, farewell; so happy to meet; so glad to have you in our house. . . ."

Yes, but what was the matter with Mrs. Cordley? She was crying.

No sooner had the visitors left than she began clearing away the breakfast things, and would you believe it, under one of the plates she found a dollar, placed there by the wealthy layman, to pay for the hospitality!

Out of the fullness of her heart she had given her best to the guests, never thinking of payment. And here was her reward—a dollar. Oh yes, a dollar *and* tears; for she sat down and had a good cry, in shame at this reception of her kindness and freewill offering of service.

You may be interested to hear of the reward which Old Musha got for his hospitality to the emigrants who were on their way to Arizona. The incident occurred a good way back in the nineteenth century. These folk had made a big raft on which they and their families were sailing down the Colorado River.

An Indian chief of the Navajo tribe had land in that region, and herds of goats, sheep, and horses. One day he was riding along the river-bank when he heard shouts and shrieks for help, and he saw the emigrants' raft upset in the rapids, and people struggling in the ice-cold water. Some swam well and could secure their own safety. The red man sprang from his horse, leaped into the stream, and went to the aid of those who were weakest.

The people were saved, but their provisions

were nearly all lost in the river. They were invited to stay in the Indian encampment, and there they remained for months, accepting hospitality. The squaws ground corn daily for the white strangers, and the chief gave the emigrants corn-seed to sow on some of his own land, and he allowed them to irrigate their field with water from his own springs. So rich did the soil seem that the visitors decided to settle there, and they coolly annexed the territory round about.

"Only an Indian," they said, mockingly, if any doubt arose as to whether the land was rightfully his or theirs.

He had given them corn-mush when they were starving. Hence they nicknamed him "Old Musha." Old Musha had sharp rheumatic pains caused by his plunge into the icy Colorado on the day that he had rescued the strangers.

He had given shelter, food, kindness; and his reward was robbery and injury and insult.

It is pleasant to record that a United States officer came that way, listened to Old Musha's tale of distress, defended the Indian's cause, and gained for him the restoration of all his property.

In Great Britain, the soldier's valor is rewarded with the decoration of the Victoria Cross; and a number of the crosses were awarded for brave deeds performed in the European war which began in 1914. Somebody said that Ernest Thackeray,

though not a soldier, deserved the Victoria Cross; and I will tell you why this was said.

Thackeray was working, in August, 1912, at an ironworks on the east coast of England. Blast-furnaces roared, and the molten iron flowed into molds.

One of the laborers entered the tube, or tunnel, attached to a furnace. The tube was full of poisonous fumes. Indeed, the man had been forbidden to enter it. Ere long he was seen to be in extreme peril of suffocation. He was lying down.

Ernest Thackeray, a fellow-worker, tied a handkerchief over his mouth and entered the dangerous tube. He crept along, facing death every moment, and was able to lift up the fallen man toward a manhole, or opening. Willing hands dragged the poor, helpless laborer out, but he was dead. Thackeray had now himself collapsed, and only with much trouble and risk was he also hauled out of the fatal passage. Oxygen was pumped into his lungs, and he recovered.

An inquest was held on the body of the dead man. The coroner, or inquest officer, heard the witnesses and learned the story of Thackeray's courage. A lawyer present in court said that such heroism merited the Victoria Cross.

What reward did Ernest Thackeray receive? Fifty dollars, and a gold watch from the Carnegie Hero Fund. Add to this something far more

precious, namely, the respect and admiration of his fellow-citizens.

What reward did the Father of his Country receive when, one day, he rode into Philadelphia, proceeded to the Treasury of the United States, and proposed to settle the account of his expenses during the seven years of the War of Independence? When George Washington was made commander-in-chief he said he would take no money for his services. These services lasted from the day when he saw his troops march past at Cambridge till the close of the war. Whatever money he had been obliged to spend on his needs during the struggle with the British he noted in plain words and figures in his own handwriting. These accounts the Treasury paid. For himself, in hard cash, Washington took nothing.

Nothing in cash. On the wall of Baltimore Court-House is painted the genius of America—a lady on a seat of glory—and to her Washington is offering a roll of parchment—that is, his commission of service. He has done as she desired. He surrenders his commission. But the people who stand around look upon him with respect, admiration, and love; and this is his true reward.

Our list of rewards is a strange one:

(1) For hospitality, a dollar, unwanted, and tears.

(2) For hospitality to emigrants, robbery and insult and rheumatism.

(3) For rescuing a fellow-workman, fifty dollars, a watch—and the respect and admiration of the citizens.

(4) For service to the motherland, not even one dollar, but abundance of love and honor in 1783 and for long ages after.

Mrs. Cordley wanted no reward in money. The Indian chief wanted none. Thackeray wanted none, though it was right that a gift from the Hero Fund should be awarded.

As to what reward for a very great act of kindness Dr. John MacLoughlin wanted, read the following story:

He was in charge of the business of the Hudson Bay Company in Oregon, in the year 1843. Tall, white-haired, noble of feature, he won the respect of white men and Indians alike. Trappers and traders had had dealings with him for many years, and all the folk for a great distance round about praised his name, for he was honest, honorable, upright.

A settler, William Beagle, came with his family to Columbia district, where the doctor was residing. The whole family was sick of fever and Beagle was reduced to the last dollar. Dr. MacLoughlin heard the sad story and at once sent Dr. Mackay to attend to the fever-stricken man,

wife, and children, and he lodged them in a house of his own for two months. Every comfort was bestowed upon them and, happily, they all regained health and strength.

Beagle called on the good doctor, and asked for the bill of expenses, which he wished to pay.

"Bill?" cried MacLoughlin. "Bill? Tut, tut, tut! Take care of yourself, sir; that's all I want you to do."

"But, Dr. MacLoughlin, you have expenses of your own. You have a family to maintain—"

"Tut, tut, tut!" replied the doctor. "You do the best you can for some other man who is in trouble, and *that will pay me!*"

I think that was the most beautiful payment in the world.

HONESTY AND ——

HE was looking for foxes, bushy-tailed, cunning, yellow-eyed foxes. Among the crags of South Wales the boy, James Marston, searched.

Ha! what was that shiny thing among the stones? In a crack in the rock the boy found a golden ornament which once, no doubt, graced the neck or arm of a man or woman in the old Roman times, I mean the times when Roman eagles held sway over Britain and Roman sentinels kept watch and ward over the soldiers' camp in many a plain, or valley, or forest of Europe.

James Marston might have kept this ancient jewel himself. He did not do so. He showed the "treasure trove" (the found treasure) to his father. Father and son agreed that the ancient jewel belonged to the public—that is, the people or nation; the law in England provided that such "treasure trove" is national property. So they sent at once to the high sheriff of the county and told him what they had found, and waited to hear his wishes.

The sheriff decided that the golden Roman-

British ornament must go to the national treasure-house. It is now in the British Museum in London, thanks to James Marston. An honest lad he was. His honesty was good for the nation. Mark that! England needs honest children, ay, England loves honest children. Every country needs and loves its honest children.

Come with me a few moments to Mexico. There is, or was, a tribe of Indians in that country known as the Tarahumare Indians. Mr. Lumholtz, in his book on *Unknown Mexico*, tells of their singular honesty. Suppose a trader or traveler saw some of the pottery made by these barbarians. Observe that they cannot be called savages if capable of making earthenware vessels. Well, he might point to a pot or bowl whose shape and decoration pleased him, and ask to buy it. An Indian would perhaps reply:

"No, I cannot sell you this pot, because it has a flaw in it."

These Indians, uncivilized, and possessing no books, schools, churches, votes, automobiles, airships, and the rest, understood honesty.

In far-back days the sailors of Carthage would go trading in their African ships through the passage now known as the Strait of Gibraltar and along the coast where dwelt wild and black barbarians. They carried shiploads of goods—pots, clothes, weapons—in which to trade with the

negroes, and, on their side, the colored men had gold to offer.

Now the way of trade was this: the men of Carthage would lay down piles of goods upon the beach, then retire to the ships and set fire to fuel on board, and so make great columns of smoke. When the negroes saw the smoke afar off they would come to the shore, peer about among the goods, set down gold-dust and nuggets upon the beach, and walk away some distance. The men of Carthage would land again and inspect the gold, and, if they thought it enough, they would pick it up and sail home. But if they were not content they went away and kept the smoke curling upward, while the negroes once more examined the goods, and, if so minded, added more gold. When the men of Carthage were satisfied they set sail, and the negroes saw no more smoke-signals till the next trading-season. Wares for gold and gold for wares, and neither side ever cheated the other. So says the ancient writer, Herodotus.

Again, you see, barbarians understood honesty. Suppose either side had cheated by going off with the gold and the goods while the other side were at a distance. In disgust the people who were cheated would have traded no more, and no more would the smoke have curled toward the sky. Trade rests on honesty. Are there any dishonest traders? Yes, but if all or most traders became

dishonest there would be an end of the world's business.

A Japanese artist with the lovely name of Yoshio Markino came from the Far East to London, and he entered a restaurant and had a meal. At the close of this small feast he paid the bill and left threepence (six cents) in coppers on the table as a tip for the waitress. Then he walked away.

"Hello! Stop!" cried a policeman to the artist, and pointed.

He was pointing toward the waitress, who, with fluttering apron, was running along the sidewalk.

"Sir," she said to Yoshio Markino, "you left this piece of gold between the coppers." She showed him half a sovereign (two and a half dollars).

The yellow man from the Far East smiled and said, "Let us divide this, half and half."

Happy with a dollar and a quarter, the girl went back to her work, and the artist afterward wrote in his book that English people were very honest.

Are all English folk honest? Are all American folk honest? Answer these questions for yourselves. But it was delightful that this London girl should be able to gain a good name for her country in the opinion of the Japanese visitor. So much can one honest person accomplish.

An English gentleman, Sir Francis Vane, once asked a stock-broker to buy for him some shares

in a trading company. Stock-brokers who trade in shares charge so much per share for commission, and quite rightly. This stock-broker, however, charged more than he ought, twice as much, in fact, for he thought the customer did not know the correct price. Sir Francis had to beat him down to the fair amount. The broker was dishonest.

Some time afterward Sir Francis Vane, traveling in Italy, met the stock-broker, and they had a chat.

"These Italians," said the broker, in an angry tone, "are a dishonest lot. Why, would you believe it? My hotel-keeper charged me twice as much as he ought for a bottle of wine. I went to buy things at a curio-shop and the fellow sold me for a large sum articles that were worthless, as I found out later. There is no honesty among these Italians; you cannot trust them!"

Oh, but had he not been dishonest himself? It seems, then, that dishonest folk dislike dishonesty! Dishonest folk admire honesty! It is clear that the whole world loves honesty, even though every single person in it is not honest.

But I want to say that honesty leads on to something higher and nobler. The ancient Romans, whose Latin speech was so fine and manly a language, framed the word *honestas;* and its first syllable, *hon,* occurs in another and more splendid word; there is a likeness in these twin words, but

the second is the greater. You have very likely guessed it. Anyway, read about the Mexican rancher.

Some years ago a Mexican who farmed a ranch and had horses and mules agreed to deliver two hundred young mules to a firm of German dealers in these animals. Mules were very cheap in those days. The head of the firm had such faith in the ranchers that, though the mules could not be delivered for several months, he paid the price down at once—twenty dollars a pair. The ranch where the mules were bred was a long distance away.

Months passed; no mules appeared.

"You will be swindled if you are not careful," said the friends of the German dealer.

"No," he replied. "I can trust the rancher. He is honest."

His friends lifted their eyebrows.

At last, one day, a cloud of dust gave token of an approaching troop. The ranchers, in broad-brimmed hats, were riding to the German's farm-house in charge of a large number of mules.

"Why so late?"

"Oh," they exclaimed, "disease and drought killed many colts and for months we could not make up the number agreed upon; but here they are at last."

Honest ranchers!

But what means this? When the mules came to be counted there were three hundred.

"I ordered only two hundred," said the German.

"True," was the reply, "and you paid for two hundred, but we felt it was hard upon you to be kept so long waiting, and we have brought three for every two we promised; and you need pay no more."

Honest indeed! More than honest. The Mexican ranchers had a sense of *honor*.

UPRIGHT

TWO armies, each with vast numbers of spearmen, bowmen, chariots, and elephants, faced each other on a plain in India many centuries ago. The old heroic King Drona commanded one of these hosts, and in the same army, but at a distance, fought his beloved son, Ashvat-thama.

On the opposite side were famous princes and captains, and one was named Arjuna. This prince thought out a plan for causing King Drona's downfall. In his army certain soldiers rode an elephant whom they called Ashvat-thama, the same name as that borne by the enemy prince. Arjuna slew this elephant and then ran to the front of the army and shouted with all his might so that he could be heard by the aged King Drona: "Hear, O king! Ashvat-thama is dead!"

The king, thinking his dear one was slain, staggered and all but swooned. Presently, on recovering a little, he sent a messenger to Arjuna's brother, begging that, of his courtesy, he would say if the news was true or not true.

"Yes," said this prince, "Ashvat-thama *the elephant* is dead."

But he said "*the elephant*" in so low a voice that the messenger did not hear it.

The aged king received the tidings, and fell to the earth in a faint; and at that moment the enemy charged, and a Hindu warrior struck off the white-haired head of the fallen Drona.

Arjuna, I must tell you, was in nearly all his actions and life a brave, knightly, and honorable man. But, in this instance, can we say he played a straightforward part? Did he tell the truth? It was, indeed, true that Ashvat-thama was dead. But when he told the king so, did not Arjuna wish Drona to suppose the man, not the elephant, was dead?

You know how a line standing exactly vertical upon a base-line is called an upright. A man who stands firmly upon the ground, leaning neither to right nor left, is an upright figure. A man whose soul is so nobly balanced, and whose words are true, is called an upright man.

Now, in the story I have told, did Arjuna act uprightly? Nay, rather he acted crookedly, telling the truth in words, but not in meaning.

Lord Cromer, who once had the great task of governing Egypt on behalf of the British Empire, tells a curious fact about an Egyptian peasant, or fellah. An English traveler asked a fellah to point to his left ear.

Suppose, O smart young reader, I asked you to

do that. I have little doubt as to what you would do. You would lift your left hand and touch, or take hold of, the lobe of your left ear. You will wonder what other way the Egyptian would adopt.

Well, this is what the fellah did. He lifted his right hand, passed it over the top of his head, and brought it round to the left ear, and then touched that ear! Sure, he replied correctly to the request; but in what a singular and roundabout manner! Egypt, however, is not the only country where these strange folk are found. You will agree that these roundabout persons are not general favorites. We like an answer that goes straight to the point.

Yet another story from the East, and again from India.

About the year 1875, a Hindu youth, named Mohandas K. Ghandhi, belonging to a good family of the Vaisya (merchant) caste, would often discuss with his fellow-pupils at the local high-school how it was that the English were so strong a nation and could hold rule over so vast a country as India. They concluded that the strength of the English was due to eating meat.

"Let us also eat meat," said these brown-skinned boys to one another.

Hindus, as a rule, do not eat the flesh of animals. They refuse, above all, to eat the flesh of the cow,

which their religion teaches them to look upon as sacred. Ghandhi and his friends, therefore, would break a religious command if they ate meat.

Five or six boys gathered one evening at a quiet spot by the riverside, and one of them—brother to the principal teacher of the school!—cooked a piece of beef, and, for the first time in his life, Ghandhi tasted flesh. He did not like the taste, but he persevered, and swallowed his share.

That night he could not sleep. He knew he had broken the rule of his caste, and that his parents would be grieved if they knew. Nevertheless, he continued to join with the other boys, from day to day, in eating meat, and hoping for wonderful strength of body and will.

In a year or two he prepared to go on a long journey to England, where his parents wished him to study law.

"Mohandas," said his mother, when the time of parting approached, "promise me you will abstain from wine, and from meat, and from all other evil things that our holy religion forbids."

Ghandhi promised, but he kept silence about his having already broken his caste. Was this perfectly upright conduct? Ought he to have told all the riverside tale to his mother?

I leave those questions for the moment unanswered, and proceed to tell you what happened in England.

A Hindu gentleman invited his young fellow-countryman to take dinner with him in a London restaurant, with several friends. The waiter brought in soup.

Mohandas remembered the vow made to his mother in his far-away Indian home. He asked the waiter, in a whisper, if the soup contained meat.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

Ghandhi sat without eating.

"Pray take your soup," said his friend.

"No, thanks; there is meat in it."

"Don't be foolish, Mohandas. If you cannot behave as a gentleman . . ."

Mohandas K. Ghandhi rose up, and vanished. Never again did he touch flesh for food. He kept his vow. Whatever we may think of his silence on a certain occasion, we will admit that he afterward acted uprightly and truly, and with manly courage. In after-years M. K. Ghandhi was well known as a champion of his fellow-Indians in South Africa, where the government had treated Indian traders and laborers with harshness and injustice. He had his reward when the government of the Union of South Africa decided the injustice should cease.

If now we change the scene to the United States, you will not, perhaps, have any difficulty in guessing the name of the boy in the following tableau.

UPRIGHT

The time is toward the middle of the eighteenth century. There are some boys seated at breakfast-table. The lady of the house, mother of one of the boys, turns to the young visitors whom he has taken for a run on the pasture, and says:

"We have here a splendid, high-spirited colt. Have you seen it?"

The boys look at one another in awkward silence.

"Have you seen it?" she asks again.

"Mother," says her son, "the sorrel [colt] is dead. I killed him."

He then candidly reveals the facts. He had thrust a bit in the colt's mouth, mounted the stubborn creature, forced it to gallop over the pasture; the colt, leaping in violent anger, burst a blood-vessel and fell dead.

The lady flushes angrily. Then she quietly says she rejoices at her son's truthfulness. Need I tell American boys this was George Washington? And shall we not all agree that his thought and speech were both brave and upright?[1]

One other American upright soul we will recall.

There was war with the Miami Indians in Missouri in the year 1812, and General Dodge led an expedition against their encampment. He had

[1] Once I told this story to some New York boys, and illustrated the point by hastily drawing on the blackboard a base-line and a perpendicular. "Will that line do for Washington?" I asked, indicating the perpendicular. "No, sir," answered a boy, who had detected a slight irregularity. "It isn't upright enough!"

with him three hundred and fifty men of the Missouri militia and fifty red men of the Delaware and Shawnee tribes. With much labor his party crossed a river and advanced to the intrenchments where the hostile Indians were awaiting. They surrendered, however, on receiving General Dodge's pledge that every life should be spared. The Miamis numbered thirty-one warriors and one hundred and twenty-two women and children.

"Cooper," said Dodge, turning to one of his horsemen, "you will note my promise of safety for all."

Dodge was well aware that in the recent conflicts of whites and Indians many a deed of blood had been done. He knew Cooper had a hatred of the red men, and he wished the promise should be carefully noted and strictly kept.

Next morning Cooper took some of his friends, searched the Miami camp, and found a rifle which had belonged to a white man named Campbell. Campbell had been murdered, and it was clear that he had been murdered by the Miamis. He galloped to the general and demanded that the Indians who killed Campbell should be picked out and executed.

"No," said Dodge, "I gave these Indians my word of honor."

Cooper and his friends raised their rifles and leveled them at the Miamis. The Miamis crouched,

and trembled, and anxiously watched the general's face.

Dodge drew his sword and pointed it at Cooper's breast. "Your men," he said, "will fire at *your* peril, and you must take the consequences."

Will-power gleamed in the general's eyes. Cooper and his companions sullenly fell back; the Miamis leaped up in joy and gratitude.

General Dodge had to endure many a hard word from the Missouri folk who thought he had too strictly observed his promise. But he always used to declare that the day when he kept true to his plighted oath to the Miamis was the happiest of his life.

THE TWO PROMISES

SISTER DORA, of whom we have previously heard in our chapter on "Gifts," had charge of a hospital at Walsall, England, a town which is to-day graced by her statue.

One of her patients was a young fellow who had suffered a double breakage of bones in a drunken fray. It was a long time before he recovered, and in his quiet moments Sister Dora had opportunities of persuading him to give up the alcohol habit which had caused his injury. When the time seemed ripe she put the question to him:

"Won't you give up the drink?"

"Sister," he said, "I will never touch it again. I promise."

Not long afterward, when he was able to walk, though not perfectly well, he asked if he might go out for a few hours in the evening.

She hesitated, knowing he might meet certain companions. "Yes," she said, "but you won't forget your promise to me?"

"I won't forget," he replied.

Hours passed before he returned to the hos-

pital. Sister Dora had sat up late, waiting and watching.

He came back. She knew by the sound of his footsteps what had happened. He reeled into the ward and in drunken unsteadiness lurched heavily against her.

After a while, he lay in uneasy sleep. She had not said a word of reproach to him. But when the ward was orderly and still again Sister Dora went into her little sitting-room, leaned her head on the table, and cried bitterly.

Such were the tears caused by a broken promise.

You will find a pleasanter end to a story from Virginia. It concerns Thomas Dabney, whose heroism in boyhood was recited in one of our earliest pages, and a man with the famous name of Crusoe. Since "Robinson Crusoe" never existed except in the brain of the English author, Defoe, our Virginian Crusoe was certainly no relative of the lonely islander. If I call him the oyster-bandit, you will see the reason in a moment.

Mr. Crusoe had no right to the oysters. The law of Virginia had said that the oysters in York River were to be let alone except by certain people at certain times. Mr. Crusoe paid no attention to the law, but sailed about in his neat little schooner and dredged up oysters as if he were King of Virginia and all the United States. He enjoyed it. From the deck of his schooner he

could view the banks of York River, the green plains, the spreading cedar-trees, the clumps of oaks and pines, the red-brick houses. No wonder this happy spot is called the Garden of Virginia.

"No sheriff will ever lay a hand on me," chuckled Thomas Crusoe. "For years I have fetched up oysters, eaten them, sold them; and no sheriff ever dared to arrest me."

There came a day—somewhere about 1834, when the new sheriff, Mr. Thomas Dabney, made up his mind that the oyster-bandit should no longer break the law of Virginia.

He and three neighbors went down the North River in a boat, and so out into York River, and there Crusoe's schooner lay at anchor.

"Thomas Crusoe," cried the sheriff, "in the name of the law I call on you to surrender. I am Sheriff Dabney!"

A rattle was heard on board the schooner. The round mouth of an old swivel-gun gaped, like a nasty black "O," at the sheriff's party.

"I warn you," shouted the oyster-bandit, "not to come a yard nearer. If you do, I'll fire."

Dabney and his friends whispered to one another. Was it worth while to engage in a duel? Their own boat was weak and leaky. Crusoe's schooner was strong and well armed.

Retreat—such was the decision.

Crusoe laughed, and went on catching oysters.

Then the sheriff tried a more artful plan. Hearing that Thomas Crusoe was in his house one night, he got together four men, armed and plucky, and the party rode off twelve miles from Elmington to the oyster-bandit's cottage.

The windows were dark; the sky was dark. The sheriff knocked loudly at the door.

A woman looked out of the window.

"Tell your husband, Thomas Crusoe, that the sheriff summons him to surrender!" was the stern demand.

"He's in bed," she said.

"Tell him to come down."

She drew her head in. There was silence a few moments. Then she looked out again.

"Mr. Sheriff," she said, "you can come up yourself, alone and unarmed, and my husband will give himself up."

"No, no!" exclaimed the four companions of the sheriff. "Carry your gun, Mr. Dabney, or else let one of us come with you."

"I will go alone and unarmed," replied the sheriff.

At that promise she came down and unbolted the door, and Dabney followed her up-stairs. True to his word, Crusoe gave in quietly, and he was placed on a horse. Off along the dark road they rode to Elmington. The oyster-bandit scarcely said a word all the time. His brow was knit. He knew the judge would not sit at Glouces-

ter Court-house for a fortnight, and he would have to stay in jail for two wretched weeks. Of course, he was sure that at the end of that period he would have to pay the fine which all must pay who broke the oyster law.

Supper was set before Crusoe at the sheriff's table, and after supper he must be taken to his cell. Crusoe would not eat. A picture of misery and stubbornness, he sat looking at the inviting meal, but never a bite would he touch.

"Crusoe," said the sheriff, "would you like to go back to your wife?"

The man started; his cheeks flushed; he looked straight into Dabney's eyes.

"See here," said the sheriff, "I will trust you. There is no one here to offer bail for you. I ought not to let you out without bail, but I believe I can rely upon your honor. I will be bail for you myself. Promise that you will come to Gloucester Court-house in a fortnight's time to pay the fine of a hundred dollars, and you may go home."

For a few moments Crusoe did not speak. His eyes glistened with tears.

"I promise," said he.

Mr. Dabney lent his own horse to the oyster-bandit. Some time afterward, the wife heard the clatter of hoofs on the road from Elmington. A knock at the door, a voice, and her husband had come home again.

Two weeks later Thomas Crusoe walked into the court-house at Gloucester, and he who had broken the oyster law of Virginia paid the hundred dollars fine with a willing hand; nor did he ever defy the law again; and in all Virginia no man was so sure a friend to Mr. Dabney as the law-breaker whom he had generously trusted.

Fifty years passed. Crusoe was dead and Sheriff Dabney was dead. An old man, the son of Crusoe, often spoke with a grateful voice of the kindness shown by the sheriff to his father.

IN SHINING LETTERS

ISAAC HOPPER, of whom we have heard more than once, was born in 1771, and so he was a little boy at the time of the War of Independence. His parents had given him a pet lamb.

British red-coats scoured west New Jersey, round about Isaac's home, in search of food. Naturally, when they caught sight of the pet lamb they put it in the catalogue as food and thrust it into a cart, and were about to drive off to their camp.

Isaac's soul flamed up in wrath. Of the meaning of the War of Independence he might not know much, but he knew that this seizure of his lamb was an injustice. He sprang into the cart, cut the rope that bound the lamb's feet, and struggled hard with the soldiers in the effort to drag his pet away.

A British officer rode up and inquired the reason of the scrimmage.

"It's my lamb," shouted Isaac.

"Is it your lamb, my brave little fellow?" said

the officer, smiling. "Well, they sha'n't have it. You'll make a fine soldier one of these days."

Isaac carried off the lamb in triumph. He did, indeed, make a fine soldier in his after-life, a defender of that justice which he had so courageously fought for as a boy. Never did he use a deadly weapon, but he stood up, all his long life, for justice to the desolate and the oppressed; justice to the animal world, and justice to the negro. Isaac Hopper was famous as an Abolitionist. He died in 1852, thirteen years before the Thirteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution declared that slavery should cease forever.

Isaac Hopper, you will have noticed, defended his property against an unjust attack. If, however, I ask you, "What is justice?" and you replied, "Defending one's rights," you would only have given part of the truth. Read the case of Mr. La Barge, of St. Louis, Mo.

Many years ago, when St. Louis was a small settlement, La Barge owned a plot of land on Cedar Street. As he wished to move to Baden Farm (now a part of the city), and also wanted a horse, he exchanged his land for a horse, with a man named Lebean. Years passed. La Barge was old; one day a lawyer called to see him and asked if he had ever owned a piece of land on Cedar Street.

"Yes," he said, and he described it.

"How did you dispose of it?"

La Barge had forgotten, and his wife reminded him of the exchange for a horse.

"Well," said the lawyer, "that is good for you. I have found that the present holders of the land do not possess any deed. They cannot prove their claim. You can take it. It is now a rich property."

"What!" cried La Barge, indignantly. "Do you suppose I am a thief? I traded that land to Lebean for a horse, and I stand by the bargain. If Lebean's heirs have no title, tell them to come to me and we will have one written out before I die!"

Lebean's heirs kept the Cedar Street land, and, of course, you will say that La Barge acted justly. But did he defend his rights? Why, he defended other people's rights against himself, when he might easily have established a legal claim to the land. That was justice.

Mr. F. J. Haskins, in his book on the Panama Canal, tells how he sat with Colonel Goethals, the famous engineer, in the colonel's office, and a woman entered.

"Colonel," she said, "why can't I have bread from the bakery at the Ancon hospital?"

"Because, ma'am, I have ordered that the bread shall be kept for hospital use only."

"But," she said, "Mr. Bishop, the secretary of the Canal Commission, has bread from there."

"I will let you know about it after I make inquiries," was the reply.

This woman was the wife of an ordinary engineer, whose rank was not nearly so high as that of Mr. Bishop.

"Yes, Colonel, quite right," came Mr. Bishop's voice on the telephone, presently. "I had breakfast with you three years ago, don't you remember? You told me the hospital bread was nicer than the other bread, and I might buy it."

"Can other employees get it also?" asked the colonel.

"I will inquire, sir."

It was found that they could not. Mr. Bishop was having what was denied to others, though he had had proper permission. But it was clearly unjust to treat the secretary differently from the rest. Justice must be impartial; and Colonel Goethals decreed that nobody at all should go to that bakery except persons connected with Ancon hospital. In other words, justice must be no respecter of persons.

Having had three American examples, you will not object to a change of scene; and we will travel to Persia; and we will also travel back along the ages till we arrive at the sixth century. At that period, the Kingdom of Persia was ruled by the far-famed Nushirvan. His praise was in the mouth of all men, for he was a lover of justice.

The following legend is told of him. It matters little whether the tale is exactly true or not. The people who invented it did so in honor of his just memory.

They say a chain hung at his palace gate, and the other end of it was attached to bells in the royal apartments. It was the bell of justice, and whoever felt injured by a neighbor might go at any time and make his appeal to Nushirvan.

One day, all was still, when suddenly the bells rang out violently.

"Go," said the King of Persia to two attendant eunuchs, "and see who it is that complains."

They only found an old ass, rubbing his neck and back on the chain; and this they smilingly reported to his majesty.

"Search the market-place," ordered the king. "Learn the history of this ass."

From one person to another they led the ass along the crowded market-place, till they met people who recognized the animal and could relate his story.

He had belonged to a bleacher of cloth and for twenty years had carried loads of linen on his back to and from the bleaching-yard. After he had performed this useful service for a score of years he became too feeble to bear burdens, and his master gave him his "liberty." Liberty, indeed! It was but the liberty to starve.

Report was made again to the king.

"Bring the bleacher here," bade Nushirvan, "and let him be accompanied by four fathers of families, so that they may hear my judgment, and tell their fellow-citizens."

This was done.

The king said to the bleacher, "You fed your ass while he labored for you and brought you profit. Now that he is weak and aged, you let him starve. This is unjust. You must maintain him well for the remainder of his life. If he suffers again, you will yourself have to suffer. It is the duty of sovereigns to see justice done."

The duty of sovereigns; yes, the duty of sovereigns, emperors, princes, sultans, khedives, presidents, governors, and all that are in authority and rule. This passion for justice, which we first found flaming in the heart of a child, should flame also in the hearts of captains and rulers.

It was for this reason that the poet Dante imagined a very glorious scene in his poem of the "Divine Comedy."

The Lady Beatrice led him upward in a journey to the Ten Heavens. They had visited the red planet Mars, and next soared to the silvery globe of Jupiter. It was here that Dante saw most marvelous sparkles of light, glowing like gold, and each sparkle was a living soul that flew in joy and peace from place to place.

As he watched, the poet saw the golden sparkles gather close together in such wise as to form letters across the surface of the silver globe. The letters were thirty-five in number and, even if you do not know Latin, it may interest you to read the words, and, at any rate, you will be able to count the thirty-five letters:

"*Diligite Justitiam, Qui Judicatis Terram.*"

The meaning of the sentence, thus written in shining letters in high heaven, was this:

"*Love justice, ye rulers of the earth.*"

CRAZY?

IT seemed as if she must be crazy to be waving her white handkerchief in a cathedral.

The young American lady who did this in the ancient cathedral of Notre Dame in the city of Paris was Miss Loie Fuller. Born near Chicago, she had a gift for dancing, and was a favorite with the public in America and Europe. But why did she act in this strange manner in the church of Notre Dame?

The beadle, wearing a silver chain of office over his chest, watched Miss Fuller in alarm. It was not pleasant to have to deal with a mad woman, but still a Frenchman must do his duty. He approached, seized her arm, and led her out. Miss Fuller's mother followed, rather terrified by the beadle's silver-chain manner.

A gentleman who was passing asked what was the matter, and it happened that he could speak English.

"We don't know," gasped Miss Fuller. "Ask that officer."

He did so. The beadle rapidly made a reply, which the gentleman translated.

"The beadle says I must tell that woman—that means you, mademoiselle—to go away, because she is crazy!"

The ladies thanked him and went away, smiling. It was a mistake in judgment; the worthy beadle had misjudged.

Miss Loie Fuller had been so delighted with the grand old church (the building of which began in the year 1163), and its oak carvings, and its pillars, and its chapels, and its altars, and its beautiful windows of stained glass, that, in her joy, she had waved her white handkerchief so as to catch the red, blue, and golden rays that came through the colored glass.

Some poor creatures never stir a nerve when they see lovely things in landscapes or in the artistic works of man's hand. This American girl had a soul, and it rejoiced. But the beadle thought she was crazy!

It was still worse in the case of young Lieutenant Harney, who was on a Missouri River boat with a troop of soldiers and military supplies. Captain La Barge was in command; he was son of that honest Mr. La Barge whom we saw acting so honorably about the plot of land on Cedar Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

The captain was born French; his men were

mostly French, and he issued his orders in the French language. When he shouted to the rowers "*Hale fort!*" it meant, "Pull your oars strongly." The lieutenant did not understand French.

The boat reached a dangerous turn in the river, where the powerful current hurled masses of drift-wood down-stream.

"*Hale fort!*" bellowed La Barge.

"Halt!" cried Harney, who thought he was helping the captain by repeating the order in English.

Some of the men paused and some didn't.

"*Hale fort!*" bellowed La Barge again.

"Halt!" cried Harney again.

You never saw such confusion as the oarsmen were in, not knowing which officer to obey, and the oars wobbled up and down wildly or were held upright and stiff.

"*Hale fort!*"—"Halt!"—"*Hale fort!*"—"Halt!"

At last the lieutenant caught the idea and yelled, "Go on! go on! go on!"

The men bent to the oars like giants refreshed with wine, and the boat escaped the peril. Captain La Barge came over to young Harney.

"Look you here," said the man from Missouri, "if ever you interfere with my orders again, Lieutenant, I'll pitch you into the river!"

It was another example of misjudgment, such as often happens in this imperfect world. The

best thing to do in such cases is to explain matters as quickly as possible, and then laugh, or, if you prefer, you can laugh while you explain. Some people would laugh first and then explain, but that is not generally the wisest course. It would not have been wise for Lieutenant Harney.

I do not, however, think it was quite so easy to laugh in Judge Black's affair with the ring. Mr. Black was presiding in the law-courts in the time of President Garfield, and he once told the President of the following curious incident:

A man had stood his trial for stealing. He had denied the accusation, but it was proved that the stolen property was found in his possession.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Judge Black to the jury in court, "I advise you that a man who has stolen property in his possession just after it is missed is probably the thief."

The man was found guilty. No doubt he was really guilty, but . . .

After the trial was closed Mr. Black visited a jeweler's store to buy a ring for his wife. Not being satisfied with the rings shown to him he left without making a purchase. He drove away, and shortly afterward he asked a boy in the street to water his carriage-horse; and presently he put his hand into his pocket to pay for the service and he pulled out, not only dimes and cents, but a diamond ring which did not belong to him!

He must have picked it up from a tray in the jeweler's store and placed it in his pocket in absence of mind. He had stolen property in his possession, and (if his words to the jury were true) was probably the thief.

He put his horse to the gallop and rushed back to the jeweler's and restored the diamond ring with many apologies. But he was not quite so sure, after this adventure, that the man in possession of stolen property was a thief. The judge might misjudge.

Some years ago the teachers at the high school at Wausau, Wisconsin, looked puzzled and annoyed when one morning the seats in one classroom were empty. What had become of the young fellows who should have occupied those seats?

Messengers were despatched to their homes. Nobody could explain. Nobody had seen the youths since the early hours of the day. The teachers did not talk quite so fiercely as Captain La Barge, the Missouri man, but they did make remarks about the wilful, ungentlemanly, surprising, and disgraceful misbehavior of the young men of Wausau. It would not do for Wisconsin. It was not the "Wisconsin idea."

The class did not appear all day, and night fell upon the city of Wausau, and the citizens talked, some in high keys, some in low, of the

extraordinary disappearance of the high-school pupils.

Next morning a plot of waste ground that extended in front of the school was discovered to have undergone a change. The day before it had been bare. It was now planted with young maple-trees.

The dark conspiracy was now unmasked. It transpired (as they say in newspapers) that Stanley L—— had conceived the bright idea of turning the wilderness into a pleasant plantation. He had proposed to his companions to repair to the neighboring woods, and dig up maple saplings, and picnic in the open air till dusk, and then, in the darkness of the night, to carry out the grand plantation.

It was an Arbor Night instead of an Arbor Day.

Whether Stanley L—— and his fellow-foresters were punished I know not. My friend, School Superintendent S. B. Tobey, of Wausau, did not reveal that part of the drama to me. Nor do I pretend to say the high-school pupils behaved correctly in absenting themselves without leave. But I happen to know that Stanley L—— migrated to New York and became an excellent business man. So the wicked conspirators were not wicked and not conspirators, after all. They had formed and realized the fine "Wisconsin idea" of making a waste place beautiful.